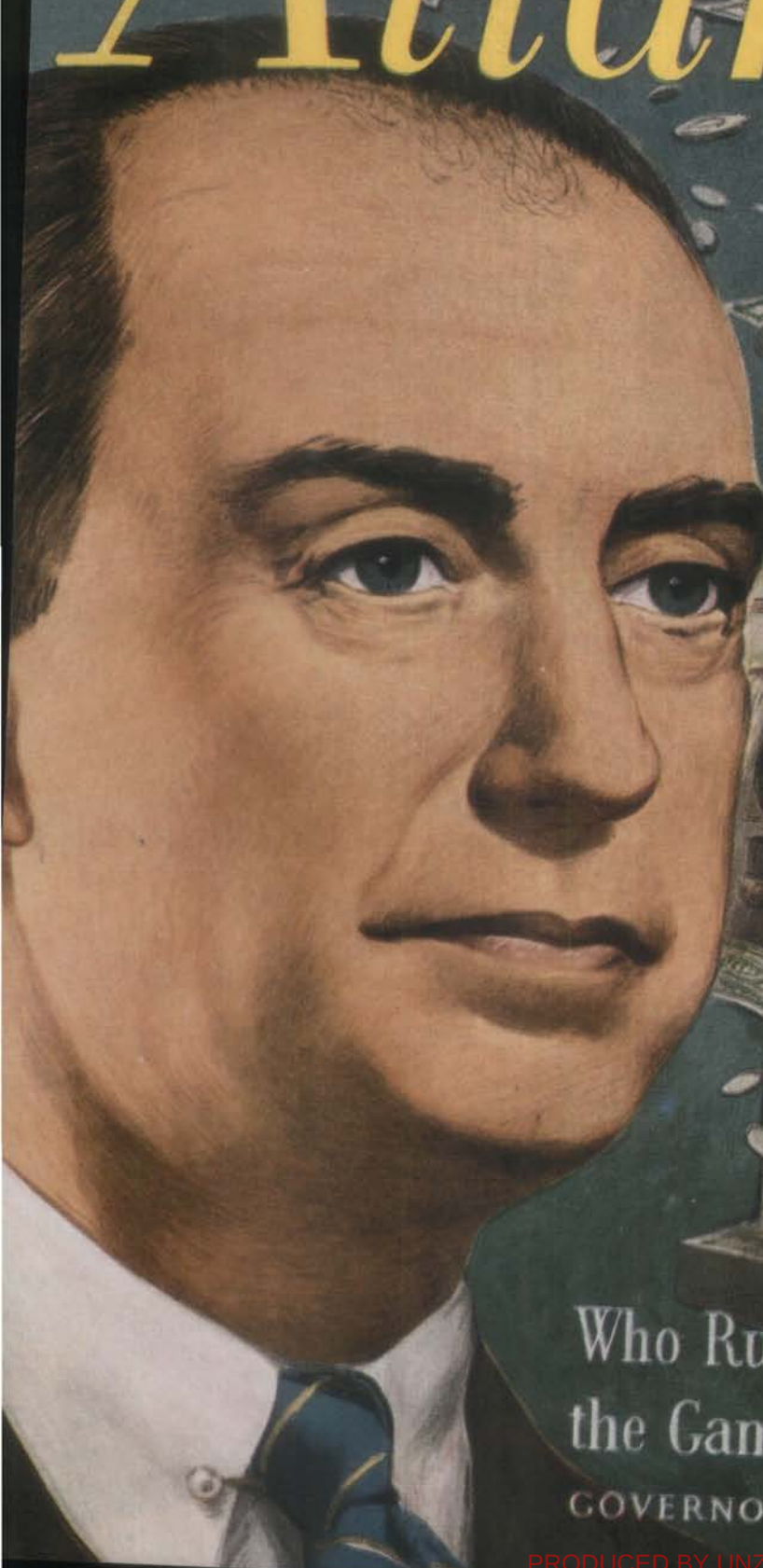


THE

FEBRUARY 1952

Atlantic



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the Gambling Machines?
GOVERNOR ADLAI STEVENSON

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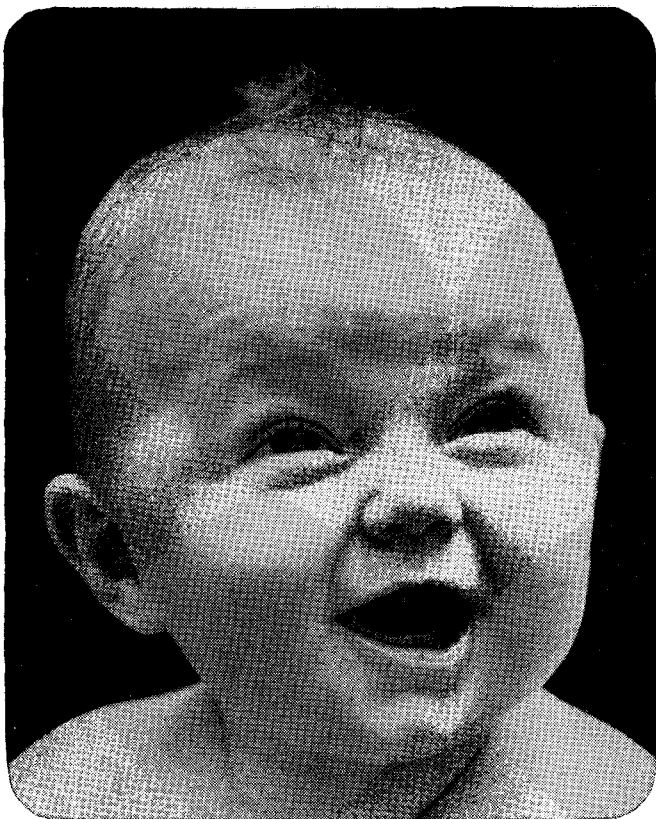
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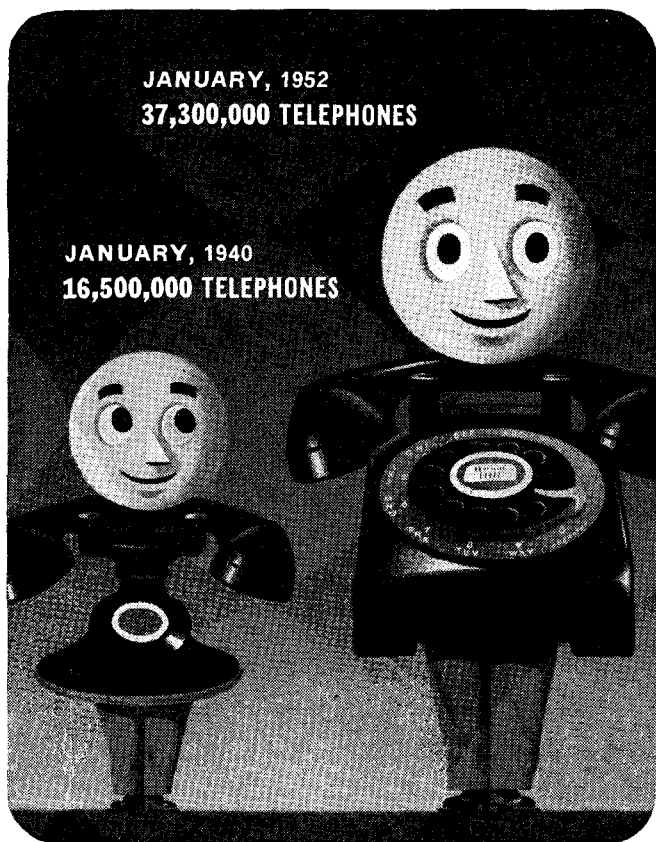
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Cover portrait of Governor Stevenson by Henry Kurt Stoessel

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Hungary

HUNGARY is in the grip of a terror perhaps unequaled in any of the other Soviet satellites. The Premier is a Conservative, not a Communist. But Istvan Dobi of the Small Landholders Party is merely a convenient front for Deputy Premier Matyas Rakosi, who runs the country as a one-man show. Rakosi comes from a fairly well-to-do small-town middle-class family; he turned Communist while a prisoner of war in Russia during World War I; he later met and deeply impressed Lenin, who became his powerful protector. Rakosi was sent to the Central Party office at Moscow, had a prominent part in Bela Kun's short-lived dictatorship of 1919, acquired Soviet citizenship, and has remained the Kremlin's top man for Hungary ever since.

But he likes to operate from behind the scene, though there is no doubt as to his dominant position in the country. He has used his power mercilessly and the unmasked brutality of his regime has aroused world public opinion in recent months as details of mass deportations from the capital of Budapest have become known outside the country.

Either late at night or early in the morning people are notified that they have to report to a railroad station within a few hours. They are never given more than a day. Most of their belongings except hand luggage has to be left behind and is confiscated by the government.

The luckier ones among the deportees are then taken to small villages far off in the country and "boarded" with farmers. This means that the farmer has to house and feed them. Conditions on small Hungarian farms being what they are, the newcomers are put in stables, barns, tents, windowless lean-tos without heat or light, and even com-

pelled to camp out in the open regardless of the weather. Most farmers are very sympathetic but they are fighting a desperate struggle against the Communist regime themselves.

Even less fortunate are deportees who are shipped to forced-labor camps; there is practically no hope for those who are being taken to slave labor camps in the Soviet Union. The treatment is universally brutal and no regard is paid to sex, age, or health. One famous deportee is known to be the 102-year-old mother of a former Mayor of Budapest; another is a woman in her seventies, the widow of former Prime Minister Count Stephen Bethlen. Made to work in the fields she collapsed, was dressed in rags and "employed" as a scarecrow.

There are no reliable statistics on the number of deportees. Last August, the Hungarian Communist Party newspaper *Szabad Nep* tried to brush off the deportations as a minor reckoning with fascists and reactionaries. "We are now deporting," wrote the paper, "aristocrats, bankers, and gendarmerie officers as hazards to our public order, while strictly observing humanitarian considerations." It gave the number of such deportees as 4281.

Exterminate the middle class

The truth of the matter is that several hundred thousand former political opponents and aristocrats had been deported to the U.S.S.R. up to a year ago. Fascists and reactionaries have been pretty well wiped out. The present wave of deportation started last May. It has swept away at least 70,000 men, women, and children. Most of the victims were politically nondescript; about one third of them were Jews. But the move is not a pogrom even though there have been outbursts of anti-Semitism

Profile of a Cultivated Person

who has fallen into the habit of missing books

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- ☐ FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.....James Jones
- ☐ THE WANDERER.....Mika Waltari
- ☐ BARABBAS.....Pär Lagerkvist
- ☐ MELVILLE GOODWIN, USA.....John P. Marquand
- ☐ THE MAGNIFICENT CENTURY.....Thomas B. Costain
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- ☐ REQUIEM FOR A NUN.....William Faulkner
- ☐ THE HOLY SINNER.....Thomas Mann
- ☐ A SOLDIER'S STORY.....Omar N. Bradley
- ☐ A KING'S STORY.....The Duke of Windsor
- ☐ THE CATCHER IN THE RYE.....J. D. Salinger
- ☐ RETURN TO PARADISE.....James A. Michener
- ☐ HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW.....Ethel Waters
- ☐ MY SIX CONVICTS.....Donald Powell Wilson
- ☐ BOSWELL'S LONDON JOURNAL.....Ed. by F. A. Pottle
- ☐ THE MATURE MIND.....H. A. Overstreet
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The Atlantic Report on Hungary



here and there. (Incidentally, Dictator Rakosi is Jewish himself, and so are other prominent members of his Cabinet.)

Perhaps there are several motives for this latest example of Communist barbarism. The most obvious purpose behind it is the dislocation, dispossession, and eventual extermination of the middle class, who constitute the country's intelligentsia.

Rakosi, who comes from that group himself, knows only too well that it provides the only pool of potential leaders of a democratic movement. Besides, the regime has been anxious for some time to reduce the housing and feeding difficulties in the capital. Severe restrictions have been imposed in order to keep away permanent or even temporary new residents. Deportations of those city-dwellers also accomplishes other purposes: it puts another burden on the hated farmers, who have to feed the newcomers, and it provides faltering slave labor in agriculture and industry.

Finally, it permits expropriation of upper and middle class art treasures, which are offered for sale abroad. The regime sells only for hard currencies and expects to "earn" about 60 million dollars, a pretty substantial amount for a small, poor country like Hungary. This amount is about equal to the so-called Peace Loan floated in 1950.

The State Loan

The cynicism and tightness of this totalitarian dictatorship were revealed appallingly in the 1950 and 1951 State Loan drives. The minimum expected of every worker and employee was the equivalent of a full month's wages, to be paid in twelve installments over a period of a year. The amounts are taken out of his pay envelope. The final installment on the 1950 loan was due last September.

The new loan drive began in the same month, with the first deduction coming in October. In other words, workers and employees have been made to pay an extra pay-as-you-go tax of 12 per cent and more. Farmers have to sign up for 25 per cent of their cash returns, payable in full before the end of the calendar year, and businessmen had only until November to pay up in full.

On top of this loan, employees lose about 7 per cent of their income at the source for various similarly "voluntary" contributions, Party-membership dues, and subscription fees for compulsory publications. No wonder luxuries are unobtainable for all except a small elite.

Prices are so high most people have been reduced to a minimum diet in a country which used to be famous for its abundance of food. A worker's monthly income, before loan and other deductions, would buy 60 pounds of pork or 30 pounds of butter. In other words, it has the purchasing power of roughly \$30 in the U.S.

The hardship hits everywhere. Coal, wood, and oil have become precious. Central heating in apartment houses or offices must not be turned on unless the temperature is below 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and not before 11 A.M. or after 9 P.M. Out in the villages kerosene is strictly rationed and frequently unavailable even for coupon holders.

The leaders of the regime have produced various and contradictory explanations of those shortages of food and consumers' goods. In recent months, however, they have more and more openly blamed workers and farmers.

Discipline for the worker

Deputy Premier Rakosi assailed coal miners at Tatabanya for falling 20,000 carloads short of their goal. The mining industry, he said, was 10 per cent behind schedule. Then he made some rather pertinent revelations. "We have not," he said, "dealt with the problem of work discipline with the gravity it deserves. . . . Up to now our comrades and Party officials in the mines and outside them have only tackled it reluctantly and with kid gloves. They were afraid of becoming unpopular if they raised the problem of undisciplined workers who interfere with production. . . . Idlers and loafers and lazy people must be automatically branded. The managing director, the chief engineer, and the foreman are all personally responsible. . . . We grant them the necessary authority to turn the system of individual management into reality."

A front-page editorial in *Szabad Nep* said of labor conditions, "Absenteeism is on the increase . . . at present the number of absentees is double that of a year ago. . . . The number of workers drawing sickness benefits is growing steadily because sickness benefit fraud is becoming a frequent practice." In many mines the real working time is only six instead of eight hours a day, the Communist Party newspaper complained.

The farmer's failure

Terror and force have not much success in agriculture either. Only 20 per cent of the arable land and about 200,000 families belong to the 4200 farm collectives in a largely agricultural country of more

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than 9 million people. Production failures — obvious in the poorly supplied stores — had to be admitted.

Imre Nagy, Minister of Food, disclosed that grain and animal production on state-owned farms is below the national average; even the best among them do not exceed production of the average peasant holding. They have fallen 25 per cent short of schedule while spending much more money than was foreseen in their budget. Minister Nagy concluded: "The State Farms have not delivered enough foodstuff to towns and villages and have failed to make sufficient use of the means at their disposal. With very few exceptions state-owned farms do not pay their way."

In agriculture — unlike industry — there is a scapegoat on whom failures can be blamed, the "kulak." That term can be stretched to cover anybody from the onetime big landlord to the small farmer who refuses to give up his plot and join a collective.

"Our beloved Moscow"

The regime sees only one way out of the growing difficulties: more pres-

sure, more terror, and closer emulation of the Soviet example. Sovietization is being pushed not only in the army, legislation, and administration but in every phase of life.

A few weeks ago, for example, *Szabad Nep* solemnly declared: "We are striving to follow the Soviet example even in the construction of [subway] stations. The pattern we follow is not the dirty, dark, ugly entrances and stations and the uncomfortable equipment of the subways in Paris, London, and New York. Our subway system is not the pattern of the Capitalist world, our pattern is the Métro of our beloved Moscow."

Magyar Nemzet reports that the most favored toy of the year is called "Tower of the Kremlin," a set of colored bricks which, if put together in the proper way, will build a miniature model of "the residence of the Great Stalin."

The Party is determined to cut the nation off from any outside influence and press it into the mold of the Soviet pattern. Lately they have borrowed a trick from the late Dr. Goeb-

bels in order to prevent people from listening to foreign radio stations. Goebbels introduced the telephone-radio, where the set is hooked up with the telephone and can receive only what is piped in from a central station. *Szabad Nep* put it this way: "The popularity of telephonic broadcasting is rapidly growing among the peasants on collective farms."

A tight grip on the Church

An important victory in this struggle for the mind of the people was achieved with the Communist dictatorship's triumph over the Catholic Church, which has the devoted allegiance of almost two thirds of the nation. Since the show trials against Cardinal Mindszenty, who was given a life term in 1949, and his successor Archbishop Groesz, who was sent to jail for fifteen years last summer, the regime has achieved its purpose at least on paper. The Hungarian Catholic clergy is cut off from Rome; it cannot communicate with its congregations without permission from the local Communist boss; Church appointments require approval by the government; the Church itself is forced to prosecute in special courts any clergyman who dares criticize the dictatorship.

In this as in many other instances the Hungarian Communist regime has attained a tighter grip on its unfortunate subjects and more ruthlessly suppressed all opposition than perhaps any other Soviet satellite state. The only escape routes are across the mine-studded barbed-wire enclosures along the Austrian frontier — or suicide. Thousands chose the first during the past year. Some succeeded, many failed; they were killed either by mines or by border guards.

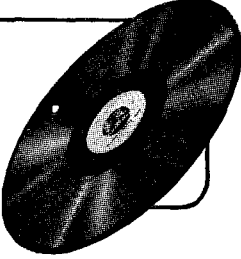
There are no reliable statistics on the number of people who preferred death to life in the Communist state. But conservative observers put the number of suicides at roughly 25,000 for the past year. This gloomy report may well be borne out by a recent decree of the Budapest Town Council, which forbids funeral corteges through main streets and permits bodies to be taken to cemeteries only between 10 P.M. and 6 A.M. Communist rulers can ban the procession of hearses from the streets of Budapest in daylight. But how will they ban the grim testimony of those who find safety and peace only in the grave?

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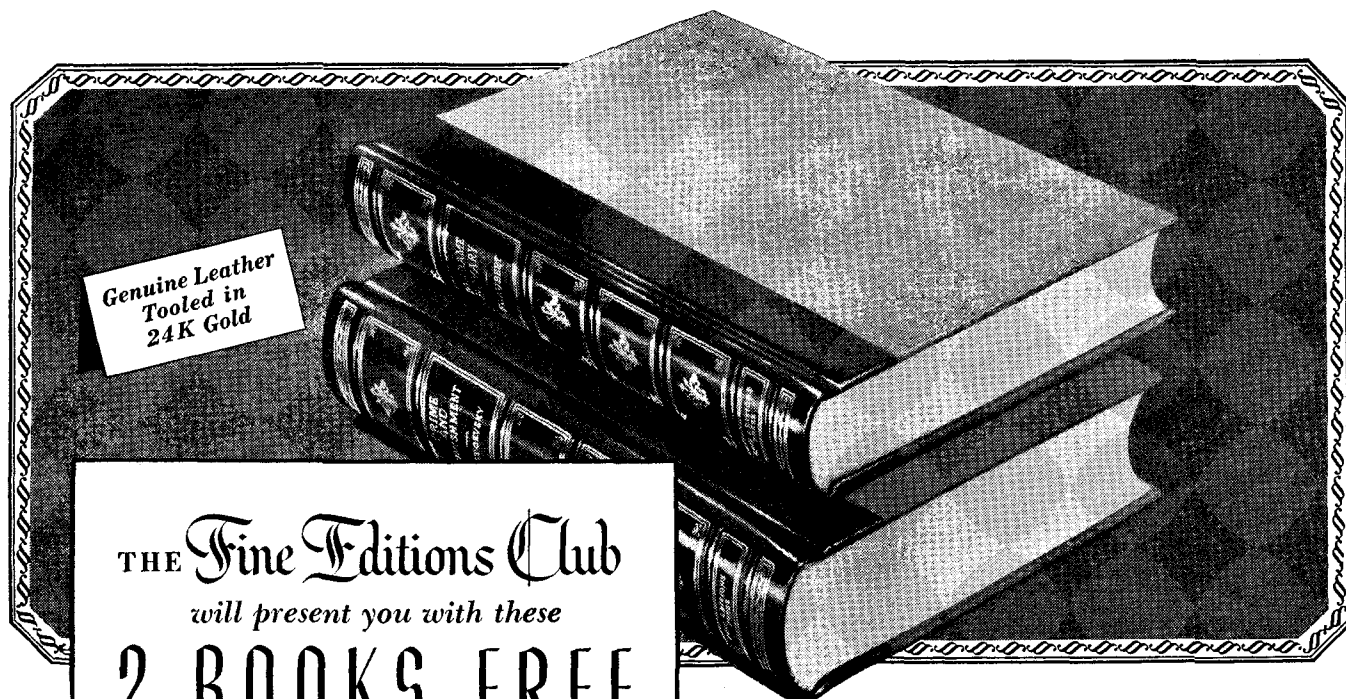
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Washington

MILITARY appropriations will again consume the lion's share of the new Federal budget. But despite the decision of defense officials to press for expansion of the Air Force from 95 to 143 wings, new military appropriations probably will be substantially less than the \$65 billion voted for fiscal 1952.

The cutback is possible because of a large backlog of unexpended funds. Although the 1952 defense appropriation was \$65 billion, actual expenditures are expected to run about \$44 billion. The remainder is in spending authority — money that will be used for planes, tanks, and other equipment on order but not yet delivered.

Civilian officials in the Department of Defense are worried about the inflationary impact of this backlog. Some \$110 billion has been appropriated for armaments since the outbreak of war in Korea, and half of this sum represents contracts not yet presented for payment. Although the bills will not come due all in one lump, the added expenditures will be made after shortages of materials for civilian production have really begun to bite. Defense officials are acutely aware that credit controls are not tight enough and that the new tax program probably will leave a large gap between receipts and expenditures.

Moreover, they wish to save room in the new budget for the \$6 billion atomic energy expansion program urged by Senator Brien McMahon to produce more tactical atomic weapons. Each military service has been busy thinking up new uses for the smaller tactical atomic weapons when they are available in quantity. The prospect of a vast increase in the supply and versatility of atomic weapons has made the Joint Chiefs of Staff less insistent on expanding production of some conventional weapons.

The staggered program

Despite the lag in defense production, military equipment is now beginning to pour out of factories in truly huge quantities. Hence it is not premature for top men in the Pentagon to concern themselves with how the tremendous flow of military hardware can be reduced short of war.

In many ways a partial mobilization such as the country has undertaken is more difficult than a full mobilization in which all production facilities are geared to war. This distinction is at the root of the "guns and butter" controversy which has enlivened Washington. The controversy arises from charges made by the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee, headed by Senator Lyndon Johnson, that arms deliveries are far behind schedules and that the guns and butter formula has produced more butter than guns. Specifically, the committee has accused defense officials of reducing original schedules to accord more nearly with actual production.

Actually, Senator Johnson and his committee have measured the defense program by one narrow criterion — that of military equipment on hand. That would be the test, of course, if the country were faced with immediate war. But the whole objective of the defense program is to prevent war by building strength on a much broader basis.

Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson stresses that the program has four principal aims: military equipment on hand; additional capacity to produce military items in the event of all-out war; expansion of basic industries; and the maintenance of a stable civilian economy. This four-point program has the strong support of the Administration, and that fact helps explain the relatively placid reception the Johnson Committee's charges have received.

Where the committee is most vulnerable is in its use of original production schedules as yardsticks. No one denies that these schedules have been changed and in many instances scaled down. But they were drawn more or less out of a hat at a time when military men were being pressed to justify increased spending before the program was established on a broad basis. No adequate account had been taken of the availability of scarce metals such as tungsten and cobalt, or of the concurrent needs of our allies and of the civilian economy.

Defense Mobilizer Wilson called the original schedules little more than pious hopes. One schedule for jet engine production, for example, would have required more nickel than is available in the

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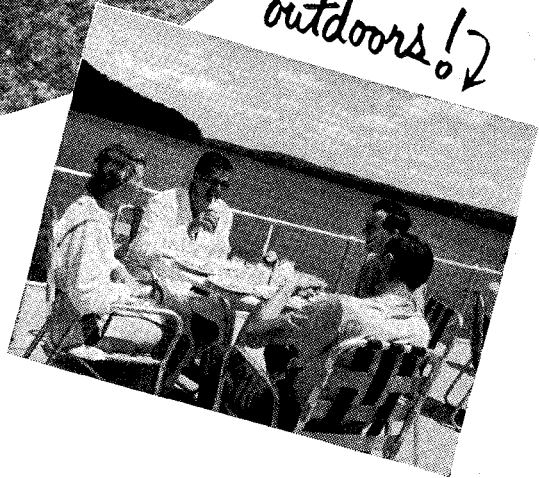


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entire world. Thus original schedules are meaningless as yardsticks by which to measure defense progress.

The trouble with jets

This is not to say that there have not been annoying "slippages" in some items. Jet engines are the worst bottleneck, and the trouble here is the shortage of machine tools. Harold R. Boyer, chairman of the Aircraft Production Board, places the blame on the failure to grant adequate priorities to the machine-tool industry soon enough. Wilson acknowledges the blame, though he believes that the major obstacles in machine tools have been overcome.

In aircraft production the fundamental problem is the long "lead-time"—in other words, the period between the placement of the order and delivery. This varies from eighteen months for some fighters to four years or more for heavy bombers, depending upon whether the model has been fully tested before quantity production is started. Fighter planes ordered after the Korean war are just beginning to come off production lines.

Plane production is complicated, too, by the sensible effort not to "freeze" on any one model in a period of cold war, as well as by the vastly greater materials and manpower necessary to complete today's aircraft. New planes are far heavier and more elaborate than those used in World War II; the electronics equipment in one new jet bomber alone costs more than two entire B-29s. Whereas in 1943 only 1 of every 22 aircraft employees was an engineer, today the ratio is 1 to 8.

Deliveries go up

Two thirds of the entire military equipment program is made of items requiring "lead-time." But deliveries alone are not a completely accurate picture of the progress. For example, a tank may be 90 per cent completed, awaiting the perfection of a new turret mechanism, and still not show in the delivery figures. The same consideration applies to aircraft which actually have been produced but are awaiting minor modifications.

Exact figures on military deliveries are of course secret. By the end of November, however, equipment worth some \$17 billion had been de-

livered under the new program, and deliveries were running at nearly \$2 billion a month. Aircraft expenditures had tripled in ten months.

Steel production capacity is well along toward the goal of 120 million tons a year, and 4 million tons of new capacity will be added during 1952. Power production is up 21.5 per cent since Korea, and 40 per cent of the additional aluminum capacity will be in place by June 30. Oil refining capacity is being expanded by 15 per cent.

The real question in the guns and butter controversy is whether the country has been enjoying butter at the expense of guns. Both Wilson and Defense Production Administrator Manly Fleischmann emphatically reject the notion that further cuts in materials allocated to civilian production would have made any real difference. Although heavy cuts are now being made in civilian materials, there was no point in such cuts until military production was ready to absorb the materials diverted.

This argument is a fair sample of the strain Wilson has been under in his thirteen months as Defense Mobilizer. Despite the pressure, he has managed to retain both his optimism and his sense of humor while broadening his grasp of a job which surely is one of the most exacting anywhere.

Losses in Korea

Stories of aircraft losses in Korea have been causing concern from a different standpoint. A tally as of mid-December showed that at least 583 Air Force, Navy, and Marine aircraft had been lost to enemy action (and incidentally, Navy and Marine planes account for one third of the American sorties). Accidents have taken a further toll. These figures compare with 308 Communist planes believed destroyed by the Air Force.

The figures, to be sure, are somewhat misleading. Most of the losses were in old piston-engined planes and do not reflect jet mortality. The odd nature of the air war also had a bearing. Communist planes did not come out in strength except over "MIG Alley" in northwest Korea. Many American losses were caused by ground fire, and this was particularly the case with B-29s, which

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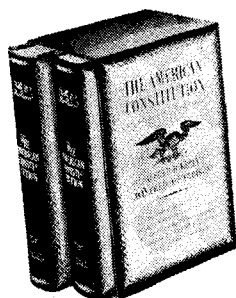
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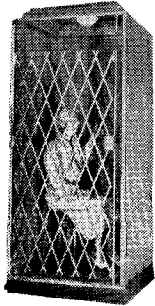
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were originally designed as heavy bombers but were used in Korea on tactical battlefield support missions.

The real concern, however, arises from the surprising performance of the Russian MIG-15. It is as fast as or faster than the best present American jet fighter, the F-86, though not so maneuverable. Many of the advances in Russian jet engine design are traced to the jet engines which were sold to the Soviet Union by Britain in 1948.

It is doubtful whether the limited war in Korea has allowed a fair appraisal of the MIG's endurance. Presumably Russia is even more pressed than this country for the heat-resisting alloys that go into jet engines (though notable progress has been made by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics in reducing the need for such alloys). Nonetheless, the threat of the MIG has placed American plane design under more intensive scrutiny. It is an open question whether the concentration on the unwieldy B-36 intercontinental bomber deterred the faster development of better fighter planes.

Taft vs. Truman

With Senator Taft busily gathering delegates in his race for the Republican presidential nomination, President Truman maintains a hard silence on his own intentions. The betting here still is that he does not intend to run, but that he will delay his announcement until the last minute so as to leave open the possibility of running against Taft. Meanwhile, there are indications that Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson, who has been expected to receive the presidential blessing, has been having some second thoughts about the wisdom of stepping from the Supreme Court into active politics.

It is somewhat ironic that another figure talked about as a possible Democratic nominee is the man who indirectly helped give the Republicans their biggest campaign issue. It was the investigation of interstate crime conducted by Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee that set the country to thinking about corruption.

In many ways the tall, soft-spoken Kefauver would appeal to lay Democrats. From the Administration's standpoint he has an excellent voting

record. His personal stand on civil rights is unexceptionable, though he has straddled on his votes sufficiently to remain *persona grata* with the Southern bloc. His name and face are well known to millions who watched the crime investigation on television. And, by virtue of his victory over the Crump forces in Tennessee, he has shown himself to be a versatile and energetic campaigner.

But the same qualities which would make him a popular candidate also may queer him with the politicians. Kefauver is disliked by many of his Democratic colleagues in Congress because of his obvious ambition and because of what they regard as the harmful effects of his crime investigation. Moreover, he is a supporter of Atlantic Union, which is viewed by the politicians with a fishy eye. Should the Chattanooga lawyer win the Democratic nomination, it might well send his arch-enemy, Senator Kenneth McKellar, into a final fit of apoplexy.

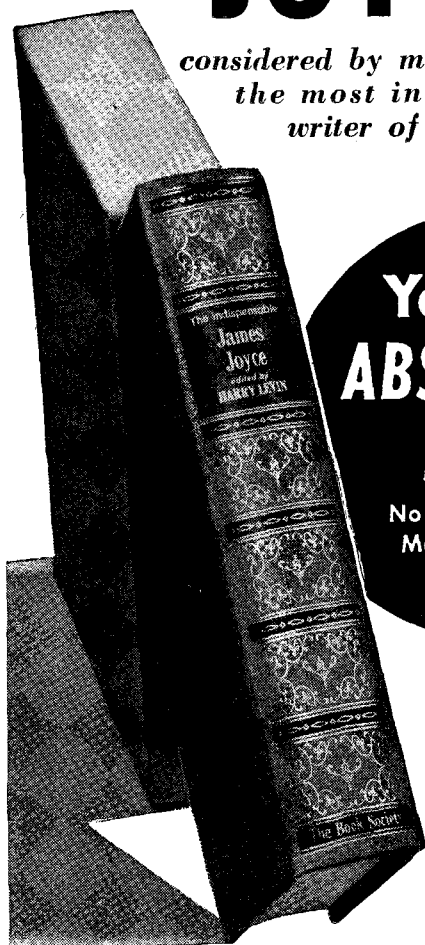
Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital remains one of shock and disgust over the scandals in government. Talk of politics is inevitably conditioned by disclosures of impropriety and abuse by the Caudles and the Oliphants. There is every likelihood of new scandals in the disposal of the billions of dollars' worth of surplus property after the war, and the investigations of Internal Revenue and the Justice and Treasury Departments seem slated to go further.

President Truman's remarkable change of attitude toward the wrongdoing in his Administration is viewed hopefully by some Democrats as an indication that corruption will not be a major campaign issue. Mr. Truman confided to one of his trusted advisers last spring that he wished that he had a Truman Committee to do for him what that committee did for President Roosevelt. Whenever there is so much government spending, the President remarked, there is bound to be corruption. But however good the President's intentions, the cleanup was a long time in coming. The condoning of "influence" has festered for many months. However dramatic the cleanup may be, it would be altogether unrealistic to expect the Republicans to give up so choice a political issue.

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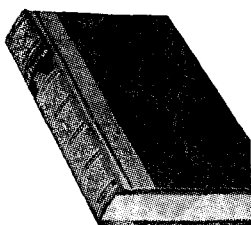
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Answer 2: The famous and oft-quoted "Anna Livia Plurabelle" incident.

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Marriage was treated in law as a *de facto* relationship; registration of marriage, although encouraged, was not essential. Similarly, divorce could be accomplished merely by factual separation — although, again, the husband or wife was encouraged to notify the Bureau of Vital Statistics, at least by postcard.

The liberalization of marriage and divorce was part of a larger program leading to the ultimate "withering away of the family" — that is, of the family as a legal and economic institution. Inheritance was at first declared to be abolished, and was later reintroduced with very severe restrictions. Extramarital children were given full equality with those born in wedlock. Abortions were legalized and could be obtained free of charge at state hospitals. Women were relieved of practically all legal and economic disabilities in an effort to emancipate them from dependence upon men and from "the slavery of the kitchen."

It was thought that eventually children would be brought up by the state. "Our state institutions of guardianship," wrote the principal draftsman of early Soviet family legislation, "must show parents that the social care of children gives far better results than the private and irrational care of individual parents who are 'loving' but, in the matter of bringing up children, ignorant."

The return to family ties

But in the mid-1930s the theory that the "socialist family" would not be bound by legal and economic ties was officially denounced as a "left deviation." This rightabout-face in theory, with its wide practical implications, was associated with many other fundamental changes which took place at about the same time, including the return to Rus-

sian patriotism and to national traditions, the re-emphasis of rights of personal property, and the general restoration of law as a means of social control.

The return to family ties was also a direct response to practical family problems created in part by the earlier attitudes and policies. Juvenile delinquency had greatly increased, at least in the large cities, and in 1935 laws were passed imposing certain liabilities on parents for the crimes of their children.

The abortion rate in some cities had come to exceed the birth rate, and in 1936 abortions were prohibited except when continuation of the pregnancy seriously endangered the life of the mother or when the parents had a dangerous disease which could be transferred by heredity.

The 1936 law on abortions also provided benefits for mothers of large families and instituted a system of progressively increasing fees for successive registered divorces. (There were 38.3 divorces per 100 marriages in Moscow in the first half of 1935, according to Soviet reports.) The juxtaposition of abortions, motherhood benefits, and divorce indicates that the entire subject of Soviet family life was under review, and that population policy and family instability were considered as different aspects of the same problem.

A judicial process of divorce

The charging of fees for registered divorces could not solve the problem of *de facto* divorces, however; and although in the late thirties and early forties the courts became stricter in their requirements for proof of *de facto* marriages and divorces, it still remained true that many couples married for convenience — to obtain better living quarters in a crowded city, for example — and divorced at their leisure.

Finally, in 1944, a new family law established a judicial process of divorce, for the first time since the 1917 Revolution. Registration of marriage was made compulsory, with provision for a "solemn procedure" and "suitable premises properly furnished." The responsibility of fathers for support of children born out of wedlock was eliminated. In

addition, the new law vastly increased the system of bonuses and medals for mothers of large families and also set up a system of monthly state allowances for unmarried mothers.

When marriage fails

Not only did the 1944 legislation introduce judicial divorce procedure for the first time since the Revolution, but it introduced a *secular* judicial divorce procedure for the first time in Russian history — since prior to 1917 marriage and divorce were matters of ecclesiastical law exclusively.

The new Soviet divorce procedure, though secular, bears some similarity to that of the Russian religious tradition. Russian Orthodox ecclesiastical law regards marriage as a sacrament, and regards divorce, therefore, as a breach of the divine order of things, justified only in exceptional circumstances. Soviet law has not adopted the Russian Orthodox grounds for divorce, but it now treats divorce as a kind of fall from grace, a breach of the socialist ideal, to be granted only when the marriage has completely failed. Further, Soviet divorce law, like that of the Orthodox Church, places stress on a reconciliation procedure.

Whether or not a Soviet divorce is contested, both spouses must appear at a preliminary reconciliation hearing in the People's Court. Only if the defendant is insane, or missing, or serving a criminal sentence is this requirement waived. The Court is obliged to question the parties to ascertain the reasons for seeking a divorce, and to attempt to effect a reconciliation.

There are only scattered statistics on divorce and no indications of the actual divorce rate in Russia today. In 1947 one author admonished the Ukrainian courts for their "light-hearted attitude" toward reconciliation, and complained that in 309 divorce cases in the Kiev region in the first quarter of the year, only 7 were settled by reconciliation. But two years later another author stated that in two Ukrainian regions reconciliation was effected in 54 per cent and 56 per cent of the cases.

That the reconciliation procedure is taken seriously is indicated by the fact that the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R. has on several occasions set

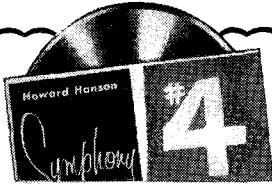
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by HOWARD HANSON

The deeply expressive Pulitzer Prize-winning work by one of America's foremost composers. Since its first performance on Dec. 3, 1943 by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the *Symphony No. 4* has been regarded as "one of the noblest works ever written by an American" (Serge Koussevitzky).



SYMPHONY NO. 5
by HENRY COWELL

After its world premiere by the National Symphony Orch. in 1949, the *Washington Times-Herald* called it "vastly interesting, astonishingly original. The result is fascinating, intriguing . . . lovely music and should live." Since then, it has become a favorite work throughout the world.

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Your purchase of either of the Long-Playing records offered above for only \$1.00 does not obligate you to buy any additional records from the Society—ever! However, we will be happy to extend to you the courtesy of an Associate Membership. Each month, as an Associate Member, you will be offered an American Recording Society recording by a famous American composer, at the special Club price. If you do not wish to purchase any particular record, you need merely return the form provided for that purpose.

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The Atlantic Report *on the Soviet Family*



aside divorce decrees because the preliminary hearing was incomplete.

Grounds for Soviet divorce

If no reconciliation is effected, either spouse (or both) may file a petition for divorce in the next higher court. The Family Code states no grounds for divorce, leaving it to the discretion of the court. But from the reports of cases and from Soviet legal treatises it is possible to detect the gradual emerging of a judge-made tradition of divorce law.

A general principle was laid down by the Soviet Supreme Court in a directive to lower courts that "temporary family discords and conflicts caused by accidental and transitory circumstances or the unwillingness of one or both spouses to continue the marriage, when not based on serious considerations, cannot be deemed sufficient grounds for divorce."

Mere incompatibility is not enough where there are minor children, even though the divorce is uncontested. The plaintiff may not rely on his own infidelity as a ground for a contested divorce. "The relationships which were created in the family, for which the plaintiff was himself responsible," the Supreme Court declared in reversing the decision of a lower court, "cannot serve as the basis for a divorce. The decision of the [lower] court in this case sanctions in substance the clearly amoral relationship of V. to his family duties, and it cannot be accepted as correct." Thus a moral element is introduced into Soviet divorce law.

On the other hand, the adultery or other guilt of the plaintiff will not rule out the divorce if "re-establishment of marital relations is impossible of achievement." In cases where the marriage had "factually terminated," as where the defendant had deserted or where the plaintiff had established another family, the courts have granted divorces.

Divorce is expensive in the Soviet Union. The plaintiff must pay a fee of 100 rubles for filing the divorce petition, as well as the cost of a notice in the newspaper. Upon the granting of a divorce, a fee of 500 to 2000 rubles is charged — theoretically, as a fine imposed on the "guilty" party; actually it is usually levied against the plaintiff. Five hundred rubles is more than many Soviet workers, and most Soviet peasants, earn in a month.

Concepts of civil obligation of contract and tort play a very minor role, if any, in Soviet divorce law. Anglo-American doctrines preventing the granting of a divorce in cases where the petitioner has "con-

nived" with or "condoned" the misconduct of the respondent, or where there has been "collusion" or "recrimination," are entirely alien to Soviet law, while the common American practice of granting uncontested divorces automatically is equally foreign.

Family legislation

Soviet divorce procedure must be seen in the light of Soviet family legislation as a whole. Between 1944 and 1950, 30,750 Soviet women received the Order of Mother Heroine of the Soviet Union, and the substantial bonuses and allowances that go with it, for having given birth to and reared ten or more children. In the same period 2,770,000 other mothers of five children or more received the Motherhood Medal or the Order of the Glory of Motherhood. The 1949 State Budget provided 3,400,000,000 rubles for maternity benefits; the 1950 Budget provided 4,000,000,000 rubles.

At the same time, there has been no substantial change apparent in the policy toward working women, no positive effort to encourage them to leave the factory or the professions. There are more than 100,000 women doctors in the Soviet Union and more than 250,000 women engineers and technicians; 120,000 Soviet women won combat decorations in the last war. There are probably more women judges than men in the lower courts, and in the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R., with approximately 90 members, there are some 14 women.

The program of maternity benefits has not caused any apparent letup in the program of crèches, nurseries, and other aids to working mothers. Their legal independence has not been curtailed; their separate property rights have even been enhanced by the ruling that maternity bonuses belong to the mother individually and are not part of the joint marital property.

But education and propaganda, implemented with material incentives, have definitely shifted their emphasis toward parental responsibility, filial devotion, marital fidelity, the family, and the home. "A woman who has not yet known the joy of motherhood has not yet realized all the greatness of her calling," declared *Pravda* in welcoming the 1944 family legislation.

Today, according to a leading Soviet writer on the family, "the people of the U.S.S.R. are convinced that not only in a socialist but even in a perfect communist society, nobody will be able to replace the parents — the loving father and mother."



A Two-Way Street

Here at the *Atlantic* we believe that it is important to listen carefully to the expressions of today's and tomorrow's business policy. Moreover, we do not believe that it is wise to listen *passively*.

A revolution in business thinking has been under way for the past twenty years, and as a result businessmen themselves have had to take the lead in communicating their ideas about business policy. This is not something that can be delegated. Businessmen must speak out, and they know that communication is a two-way street.

That is why there must be an exchange of thinking between the readers on the one hand and the industrialists who are trying to reach them. The areas of curiosity must be laid out and explored. There must be a flow of ideas from business to the community and from the community — from the professions, the classrooms, the laboratories, the churches — back to business.

This is something novel; but it must come. Most people take their advertisements sitting down. But business leaders need encouragement. They need to know what people think. Certainly they need the guiding and accelerating force of constructive criticism. That is why the *Atlantic* would like to hear from those who read the Public Interest Advertisements we are publishing.

Atlantic readers can help the users of this new technique by their letters to the publisher telling him where these Public Interest Advertisements have been most successful and where they may have fallen short.

Ronald B. Snyder

Publisher
The Atlantic Monthly



IS THIS MY LAST FLIGHT, DOC?

The patient was frightened. He had suffered a completely crushed and torn pelvis and serious fractures in an accident at work, in a remote section of the Southwest. He received prompt and careful treatment by local doctors, who decided he could not live without specialized surgery in a large medical center. So Liberty Mutual chartered a plane to fly him to Dallas, 500 miles away. To keep him alive a doctor and nurse were engaged to fly with him. After eighteen months of surgery and convalescence, he returned to remunerative employment.

The best is most economical

Liberty Mutual Claims Medical Service seeks to restore injured workers promptly, for business as well as human reasons. The finest care is the most effective way of reducing the triple loss of industrial accidents: the disability of the victim, the cost to the employer, and lost manpower.

HUMANICS: A New Program

Claims Medical Service is only one phase

of Liberty Mutual's comprehensive new program. Called HUMANICS, it brings together all activities for preventing and reducing the disability and cost resulting from accidents.

HUMANICS guards machines, and puts "invisible guards" around men to help them avoid hurting themselves. It includes the medical care of injured workers and the rehabilitation of the badly injured. The prevention of loss in all forms is the basic business of Liberty Mutual.

Available to you as needed

If you are interested in reducing the cost of your Workmen's Compensation Insurance, increasing productivity, and improving employee relations, Liberty Mutual representatives will be glad to consult with you about adapting the **HUMANICS** program to your specific business. Just address the nearest Liberty Mutual office, or write to us at 175 Berkeley St., Boston 17, Mass.

HUMANICS

A program for preventing loss and improving the effectiveness of working men and women

THROUGH

Industrial Engineering to eliminate physical and mechanical hazards, establish safe methods and practices.

Industrial Hygiene to assure a healthful working environment.

Industrial Preventive Medicine to protect the worker's physical fitness.

Claims Medical Service by eminent specialists to facilitate the rapid recovery of injured workers.

Rehabilitation to restore badly injured workers to productive lives.



We work to keep you safe

Better Compensation Insurance Protection at Lower Cost ★ through HUMANICS



An Atlantic *Public Interest* Advertisement

The advertisement on the opposite page — one of a series appearing in national business magazines — gives only a summary of the Humanics program. The complete story has important interest for employers, workers, and everyone concerned about the welfare of men and women in industry. For Atlantic readers, therefore, S. BRUCE BLACK gives this explanation of what Liberty Mutual is doing to help keep people safe.

HUMANICS

A program for controlling human and financial loss in industry

by S. BRUCE BLACK

President, Liberty Mutual Insurance Company

A few years ago, a skilled factory worker lost a finger at his machine. The man was reliable and experienced. The machine was equipped with protective guards. The safety engineer was baffled by the accident, and rightly, for its cause was not in the machine but in the man himself. He had an infant son who was suffering from a crippling disease. He brought his worries to work, which lowered his guard and made him temporarily an unsafe man at a safe machine.

A generation ago such an accident would have remained unexplained. Today such accidents can not only be explained but can be avoided in a plant operating under an effective loss-prevention program.

The campaign to reduce the human and financial cost of accidents is one of the most solid — and least publicized — achievements of American business. Its story begins with modern industrial history.

Machines vs. Men

Our present mechanical civilization has wonderfully raised our living standards, but in the early days its casualties were alarming. During the nineteenth century some writers questioned whether the machines which produced goods so abundantly were worth their toll in death and injury. Fortunately for the continued improvement of our modern way of life, wiser men sought

the right solution in efforts to make the machine age safer for living and working.

The First Step: Compensation

The first move toward reducing the human cost of accidents was provision for medical and financial aid for victims of industrial accidents. Before the enactment of workmen's compensation laws — around 1912 — an American worker injured on the job usually had only recourse to a damage suit at common law, where the question of his own negligence might be raised as a defense and might prevent a judgment in his favor. In any case, few workmen could afford the expense of court litigation.

Under the various workmen's compensation acts, employers were made liable for medical care, lost wages, and certain other expenses for injured employees. Details differed among the states, but in general the injured employee was assured of medical attention and a certain percentage of his wages during time lost from work, with additional payments fixed by law for fatal or crippling injuries.

The Next Step: Prevention

Medical care and wage protection for the injured worker were great gains, but greater still was the consequent drive to *prevent* accidents. To spread the financial risk which their liability entailed, employers from the beginning sought work-



An Atlantic *Public Interest* Advertisement

men's compensation insurance. The casualty companies, following the best insurance tradition, took steps to reduce the chances of loss. Insurance specialists inspected the plants of policyholders and made recommendations for eliminating hazards. Most important, the premiums paid for this kind of insurance were scaled to the employer's "experience"; that is to say, the plants with fewer and less serious accidents paid lower premiums, those with poorer records paid premium penalties. Here, certainly, the interest of employer and employee coincided: saving employees from suffering also meant saving money.

American industry made great progress in plant safety. For many years machines have been equipped with protective guards; research and improvement have been continuous in this pioneer field of safety engineering. More recently the handling of materials has been scientifically studied, and accidents in this kind of work have been reduced.

Newer still is the field of industrial hygiene, in which Liberty Mutual specialists have achieved good results. This work is concerned with the hazards of toxic substances, the air in the plant,

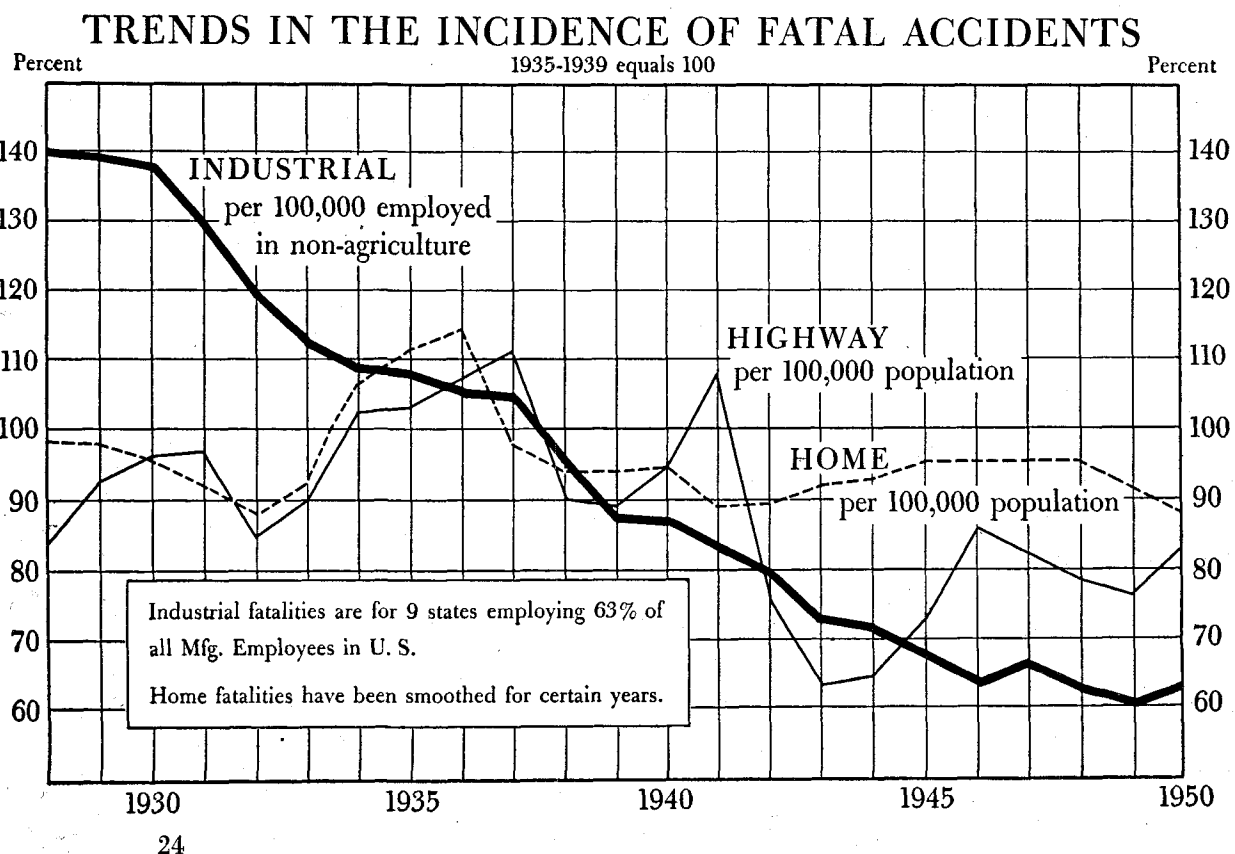
and similar problems, such as the effect of noise. Thanks to research and improved practices in all these fields, a worker in most plants today is safer on the job than he is in his own home or in his car. The table at the bottom of this page shows the record of improvement over a period of 22 years.

Fewer But More Costly Accidents

Impressive as this record is, accidents still happen. Men are injured despite machine guarding, safer materials handling, hygienic precautions, and other measures dealing primarily with the job environment.

Furthermore, the reduction in accident frequency has not been matched by a proportionate reduction in expense. The unit cost of accidents today is much higher than it used to be, because of the soaring cost of medical and hospital care and the increased benefits payable under compensation laws to victims of serious accidents. Other money costs, such as payments for lost wages, have also risen with the general inflationary trend.

Therefore it became clear to us at Liberty Mutual that if progress was to continue in reducing





An Atlantic *Public Interest* Advertisement

the loss of industrial accidents, a fresh approach was needed to find and combat *all* the causes of loss.

HUMANICS: A New Concept

Liberty Mutual has therefore introduced a comprehensive program, based on the company's experience and facilities as the largest writer of compensation insurance. Called Humanics, it is a science of many branches, all directed toward the more complete protection of men and women in industry.

Humanics deals with the whole accident problem. It assumes that if certain accidents persist despite machine guarding and other measures designed to protect the job environment, their causes must be sought within men themselves. Humanics therefore deals with human as well as environmental hazards.

Humanics further coordinates in one program those activities which *prevent* loss, and those which operate through medical care and rehabilitation to *reduce* disability, lost time, and expense when an accident does occur.

Visible and Invisible Guards

The worker who lost a finger because of worry about his child could have been helped to avoid that accident if he had been able to go to someone in the plant — a doctor, nurse, or personnel counselor — who could give him sympathetic advice about clinical facilities available for his child and thereby ease his worry. In this case the man received such advice too late to prevent his injury. Humanics endeavors to discover hazards of this type through an adequate program of industrial preventive medicine, which is concerned with an employee's physical and emotional fitness for safe work.

There are many examples of similar hazards which are beyond the reach of the industrial engineer alone. A plant nurse discovered that a man who was repeatedly being hurt was in the habit of coming to work without breakfast, with consequent loss of stamina and alertness in the mornings. The plant nurse who is trained in tactful questioning and persuasion is an important member of the Humanics team.

Other examples concern accidents to employees with certain physical defects, such as mild heart disorders or the effects of advancing age. In the past it was thought that the accident proneness of these men was an inevitable consequence of

their physical condition. But recent studies in geriatrics — one of the interests of industrial preventive medicine — indicate that this is an oversimplified view.

In a great many cases the mild physical defects of an older employee do not handicap him in performing his regular work at a bench or a machine. On the contrary, because of his long experience, he may often outproduce younger men. Furthermore, his loyalty is usually higher and his steadiness and attendance record are better than those of younger men. Repeated studies have shown that the accident proneness of an older man may be due to some factor in his job which could easily be eliminated. Thus a skilled machinist who is relieved of the occasional need to lift heavy boxes of parts may be able to work just as safely as a much younger man, and often more productively.

In another case, the bad accident record of an older worker was explained by the circumstance that he had to climb three flights of stairs to reach his job station. The climbing left him nervous and exhausted, and therefore unsafe at a job where the routine work imposed no undue strain on him. In such cases, simple rearrangement of the job requirements may enable the employer to retain the services of a loyal and highly productive employee with no unusual risk of injury.

Coördination Is Essential

Humanics provides a unified approach to the problem of safeguarding human effectiveness. Plant medical service is not new, and safety engineering is even older. But in an adequate program these must not be isolated specialties. The plant doctor or nurse discovers physical or mental or emotional hazards; the personnel and safety officials eliminate them through rearrangement of job conditions, provisions for counseling, and other measures as needed.

If an Accident Does Happen

Humanics is not Utopian. Some accidents will continue to happen despite every human and mechanical precaution. Then the problem becomes one of keeping down their human and financial cost to an irreducible minimum. Every serious industrial accident involves a triple loss. It is painful and sometimes fatal to the *individual*. In 1950 there were 15,500 occupational fatalities, 121,000 injuries resulting in some measure of permanent disability, and 1,950,000 work injuries of all kinds.



An Atlantic *Public Interest* Advertisement

It is costly to the *employer*. The gross out-of-pocket cost of industrial accidents in 1950, including payments by insurance companies and by self-insured employers, was more than \$1,200,000,000 for medical care, wage compensation, and disability awards. The payments by insurance companies, of course, are an indirect charge upon industry through premiums paid for workmen's compensation insurance.

It is wasteful for the *nation*. The 275,000,000 man-days lost on account of industrial injuries during 1950 would constitute a labor pool sufficient for the building of 700,000 five-room homes, or 7500 twelve-room schoolhouses, or—in a figure significant for the times—3500 bombing planes.

Claims Medical Service

To reduce this triple cost, the finest medical and surgical care for an injured employee is usually the most economical. Liberty Mutual helps to provide such care as a part of its Claims Medical Service under the Humanics program.

Above the network of local medical and surgical services, the Humanics program includes a unique system of Medical Advisors established with the cordial endorsement of the medical profession. Thirty-five eminent specialists in, orthopedics and fracture surgery, with offices in key cities throughout the country, are retained to study cases which do not respond readily to treatment. Their recommendations have already saved thousands of man-hours by helping to restore injured workers more promptly to working ability.

Rehabilitation

Humanics includes the restoration of crippled workers to the greatest possible measure of normal living and self-support. Under medical direction, the Liberty Mutual Rehabilitation Center in Boston has achieved excellent results in the improvement of artificial limbs, and in physical and occupational therapy. By the end of 1951, over 1300 seriously injured men and women had been restored to useful, self-supporting lives through techniques developed at the Center and available through outside services elsewhere throughout the nation. Another Liberty Mutual Rehabilitation Center is now in operation in Chicago.

Preventing misfortune is a greater achievement than remedying it, and that principle is basic in

the Humanics program. But in public interest, Liberty Mutual's Rehabilitation Service is the most dramatic phase of the program—and deservedly so, because its results are moving.

The victim of a serious accident is not usually rehabilitated merely by surgical healing, and he cannot be expected to rehabilitate himself. He needs specialized help, not only to regain physical function but to restore shattered morale. Liberty Mutual provides such help under medical supervision. Amputees are fitted with artificial limbs which are often individually designed under the direction of a certified prosthetist with long experience and recognized skill. Physical and occupational therapy are provided by persons highly trained to elicit maximum coöperation from the patient.

Case histories show heartening results. Men who have lost both arms or both legs, paraplegics who have lost all normal function in the lower body, and victims of many other serious injuries are now self-supporting. Some have actually obtained better jobs than they had before they were hurt.

The most precious recovery in these cases is the self-respect which comes with the return of independent earning power. Here again, human gain coincides with business gain; maximum rehabilitation means minimum loss to industry in money cost and in lost production.

A Key to Higher Productivity

Humanics prevents loss by helping men and women to work more effectively. A direct goal is the avoidance of accidents; an accompanying gain is increased production. Humanics helps the individual produce within the upper limits of his physical and mental capacities. It follows the principle that most men and women naturally do more effective work when they are physically, emotionally, and mentally fit for their jobs.

Humanics therefore offers employers a new yardstick for judging the value of their compensation insurance. The traditional method of purchasing such insurance is that of comparing premium quotations of competing casualty companies. Now Liberty Mutual invites industrial insurance buyers to consider the value of a compensation program in terms of its contribution to increased production. The Humanics program is designed to meet this "shipping door test" by increasing individual effectiveness.



An Atlantic *Public Interest* Advertisement

Even a slight improvement in the productivity of each worker may make an enormous difference in total plant production. Thus a plant with an annual output worth \$5,000,000 could raise the value of its production by a quarter of a million dollars if the average individual increase in employee effectiveness were only 5 per cent. When this is the result of a program which improves the physical and emotional fitness of men and women, and reduces the chance that they may suffer pain and loss, the interests of employer and employee are both served.

An Achievement of Private Business

The progress of American industry toward safer, more healthful working conditions — leading to the Liberty Mutual program of Humanics — is one answer to those social critics who have accused business of seeking profits at the expense of human values. This progress has been an achievement of private insurance companies working with private business under the stimulus of the profit motive. It is exceedingly unlikely that comparable progress could have been achieved under programs of government business and government insurance.

Even if it were assumed that industrial and insurance leaders lacked any humanitarian motive — which would be an absurd assumption — it is obvious that the pressure to reduce costs, including the cost of workmen's compensation insurance, has worked at the same time to increase the welfare of employees. This "balance sheet stimulus" to progress is characteristic of private business; it is rarely felt in government business.

Next: the Scandal of Automobile Accidents

The industrial achievement of "taming the machine" inspires confidence that comparable results will eventually be obtained in another area where the record of death and injury is still a national disgrace. Over *one million* men, women, and children have been killed by the automobile since its invention, and countless more have been injured.

For many years, Liberty Mutual has worked with its policyholders, with public officials, schools,

newspapers, radio stations, and other agencies, to make our highways safer. Despite the continued grimness of the national statistics, encouraging results can be traced to this work. It will be continued and intensified.

The campaign against industrial accidents required the coöperation of business executives, a relatively limited number of persons whose interest in the problem was assured by their stake in good industrial management. The campaign against automobile accidents needs the coöperation of 30,000,000 individual car owners. Despite the much greater magnitude of the problem, Liberty Mutual believes that the automobile will be "tamed," and that industrial experience has contributed some important leads to the solution.

Previous work in highway safety by insurance companies, schools, and public officials has been largely concentrated on the mechanical causes of accidents. Industrial experience indicates that improved results may be expected by widening the effort to include studies of human causes — physical, mental, and emotional. Encouraging records for highway safety have already been made where the problem may be reached through industrial coöperation — that is, in the operation of business fleets of automobiles.

We Work to Keep You Safe

The prevention of loss in all forms — human and financial — is the basic business of Liberty Mutual. If you are an employer interested in Humanics as a key to lower industrial insurance costs and higher productivity, Liberty Mutual representatives will be glad to discuss with you the ways in which the program may be profitably adapted to any specific business enterprise. If you are a worker or a responsible citizen interested in this important social problem of industrial safety and health, Liberty Mutual will be glad to hear from you and to answer your questions about any detail of the Humanics program.

Our business is to keep people safe — and that's a business in which everyone has a rightful interest. Just write to Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, 175 Berkeley Street, Boston 17, Mass.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

In the second installment of her serial, "Dance to the Piper," which appeared in the November *Atlantic*, Miss Agnes de Mille wrote: "There were no ballets in musical shows. The line routines were set by Ned Wayburn, Seymour Felix, or Albertina Rasch." Mr. Felix has taken exception to this statement and has asked that a correction be made.

The correction: —

"There were divertissements in the shows of that time," writes Miss de Mille, "some of them the length of short ballets, and in some instances there were dream sequences and dance scenes utilizing story and character. Seymour Felix directed several of these, notably the 'Hurdle Ballet' featuring Harriet Hctor, a long divertissement of ingenious design. The differences I attempted to stress were that the dances then rarely if ever furthered the main plot line of the play, and were not developed in structure or complexity in a way comparable to the choreographical development of a major ballet; that the dance directors, with the exception of Masine, never worked interchangeably between the major ballet companies and the commercial theater; and that the style of Broadway dancing was based on symmetrical pattern, involving to a great degree straight line. The association of Seymour Felix with Ned Wayburn was misleading. Mr. Wayburn antedated Seymour Felix and Albertina Rasch."

The American Proposition

SIR:

In the November issue of the *Atlantic*, the lead article, "To Make

Men Free," by Archibald MacLeish, is good reading, as Mr. MacLeish's work always is. However, it contains a reference to an issue of *Fortune* which made me blink, and then made me angry. Said Mr. MacLeish: "The American Proposition refers not, as the editors of *Fortune* have recently suggested, to American industry, but to the American people. It is an American Proposition as to man's place in the universe, not as to the production of durable goods. And what it advances is the worth of man, the worth of the human individual — not the superiority of a given economic or religious or political system."

It is inconceivable to me that Mr. MacLeish could have read the February issue of *Fortune* to which he refers, which we called *U.S.A. The Permanent Revolution*. I draw your attention in particular to the second article of that issue, entitled "The American Proposition." The point of that article is precisely the point that Mr. MacLeish himself makes: that the proposition is for the human individual. "It is the revolution of the human individual against all forms of enslavement; against all forms of earthly power, whether spiritual, political, or economic, that seek to govern man without consulting his individual will." I don't know how one could be clearer than that.

The basic thesis of *U.S.A. The Permanent Revolution* is that there are three fundamental aspects of freedom — the economic, the political, and the spiritual. The last, of course, has to do with what Mr. MacLeish calls man's "place in the universe." Far from excluding it we said the following about it: "The individual lives sur-

rounded by darkness. He is a mere candle. The task of the permanent revolution is to increase the light of that candle, the light of every candle so that one light may reach to another light and the darkness may thus be dispelled. Here in this land, by learning to apply the Proposition, we have gained some elementary steps. We have gained in the first place the principle that every candle has a right to shine. That is the political right. We have made extraordinary progress in the direction of providing every candle with the material fuel that it needs. That is the economic right. Yet in pursuit of real freedom we have yet to gain much more than we have won. We have not begun to gain freedom from error, the freedom that comes from right reason. We have not begun to gain freedom from hate, the freedom that is born of love."

In another paragraph Mr. MacLeish says: "When it was first enacted into law the American Proposition was new. It is still new: the one wholly new and revolutionary idea the modern world has produced." This thought runs throughout *U.S.A. The Permanent Revolution* and is basic to it.

Mr. MacLeish then goes on to say that this idea is "new and revolutionary because of the act of faith which it expresses." This thought, too, is paralleled by *Fortune*. At the end of an article entitled "Individualism Comes of Age," we speak of the danger "that the forces of industrialization have carried so far . . . that the revolution will find its end in the shabby alleys of the mill towns. . . . Like the founders we can only presume — and take the risk. Like them

... we must challenge the individual to grow." That is to say, we must have faith.

It is of course true that *Fortune* is and always has been (even when Mr. MacLeish worked for it) chiefly pre-occupied with the economic aspects of the problem of freedom. But we have never assumed, and this particular issue emphatically denied, that the economic aspect of freedom is the only aspect. There is also the political, with which this issue deals at some length. And there is the cultural and spiritual. In our humble and pedestrian way we did point out that his third aspect is, ultimately, *the most important of all*.

Since the hornets are now stirred up, I should like to go on and say that in my opinion the weakest area of our society is precisely the one that Mr. MacLeish inhabits. It is the cultural and spiritual leadership of our time which has, primarily, failed us. We have made enormous progress in the sciences, in technology, in the realization of certain economic and social goals; but when it comes to "man in the universe" where are we? I have not observed a great new light shining forth from our universities, or from individual seers who might be expected to provide us with sustenance for the soul. Our arts have become esoteric, our philosophy highly technical, our religions feeble. In some strange way our intellectuals and cultural leaders have removed themselves from our daily lives, to vantage points from which they can thunder against our economic obsessions and our political blunders — without, however, shedding the inner light that might be able to correct these; and even, as in the present instance, accuse us of things we did not mean and assert that we said the opposite of what we actually said.

In my opinion Archibald MacLeish is one of the greatest technicians of the English language alive today, whether in poetry or in prose. But I just wish he would read what my associates and I *tried* to say, in our stumbling fashion, before telling us what is wrong with what we have written.

RUSSELL DAVENPORT
Time Incorporated
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Steel Is the Public's Interest

SIR:

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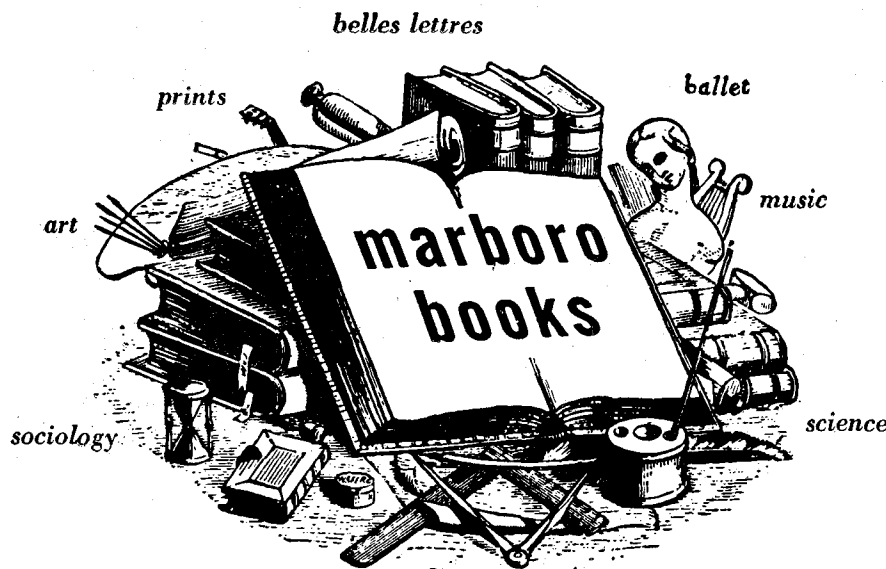
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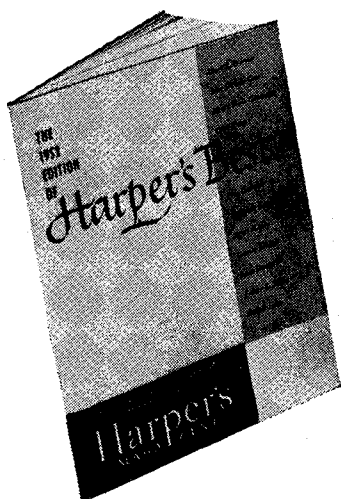
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the middle of the article "How Much Steel Is Enough?" Majoring in Business Administration, I certainly am aware of the possibilities for this new type of advertisement.

The heading above each of the pages, "An Atlantic *Public Interest* Advertisement," hits the nail on the head. The public, I feel, deserves and needs to know the facts and conditions and should appreciate the steel industry's efforts to create a much needed understanding of the industry and its goals. Without the facts, presented as they are in this Advertorial, a large percentage of the public feels that steel is another greedy "Big Business." It has been the trend since about 1933 to throw propaganda at so-called "Greedy Big Business." And it is sad but true that this feeling is common among the public.

This new type of advertisement presents hope for industries to convince the public that businesses in America are owned and their profits shared by average people and not by a few fat, snarling, cigar-chewing businessmen.

In this time of world crisis and uncertainty, it is highly important that business convince our public that our free enterprise system is the best and that it is making a higher standard of living for all. For if we, the public of America, are not convinced of the merits and quality of our system, then we certainly cannot expect our undecided world neighbors to be sold on our American way of life.

I sincerely congratulate the *Atlantic* and the American Iron and Steel Institute for their step in the right direction with the Advertorial. I hope that this type of advertisement becomes a permanent part of the magazine.

ROGER R. STOVER

Bowling Green State University
Bowling Green, Ohio

SIR:

The December, 1951, issue of your magazine carries an article entitled "How Much Steel Is Enough?", prepared by the American Iron and Steel Institute. On page 24, speaking of the combined production of the So-

viet satellite countries, the author also include the steel production of Austria.

I should like to point out that Austria is a free country, participating in the Marshall Plan, and has a government elected by democratic process. Although Austria is currently occupied by American, British, French, and Russian troops, the authority of her government extends over the entire country. In the face of great difficulties, Austria has succeeded in maintaining civil liberties and freedom throughout her territory including the Soviet occupied zone. We therefore take strongest exception to being classified as a "Soviet satellite" or being "behind the Iron Curtain."

Below you will find some data on the Austrian steel production:—

1. Both major steel and iron work (Alpine Montan-Gesellschaft and Vereinigte Oesterreichische Stahlwerke) are located in the Western occupied zones of Austria.

2. Austria produces about one million tons of steel annually, of which approximately 50 per cent is exported. In August, 1951, approximately 45,000 tons of steel were exported, 86 per cent of which went to the Western world; 40 per cent of the August export went to the United States.

In the circumstances it is absolutely misleading to say that Austria's steel production is part of the Eastern steel potential.

I would, therefore, be very grateful if you would kindly inform the American Iron and Steel Institute of the foregoing. I would also appreciate it if you would carry a correction in one of your forthcoming issues. The Austrian Ambassador and many members of the Embassy staff have been faithful readers of your outstanding magazine for years and it is felt that the record of your publication as a responsible organ of the American press would make a correction desirable also from your point of view.

H. THALBERG, Secretary
Austrian Embassy
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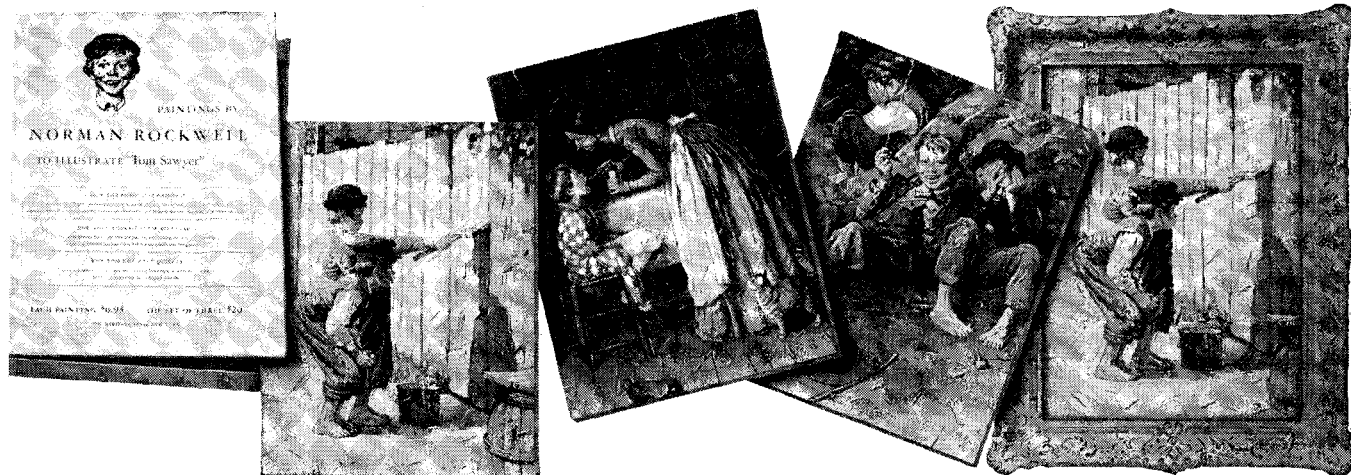
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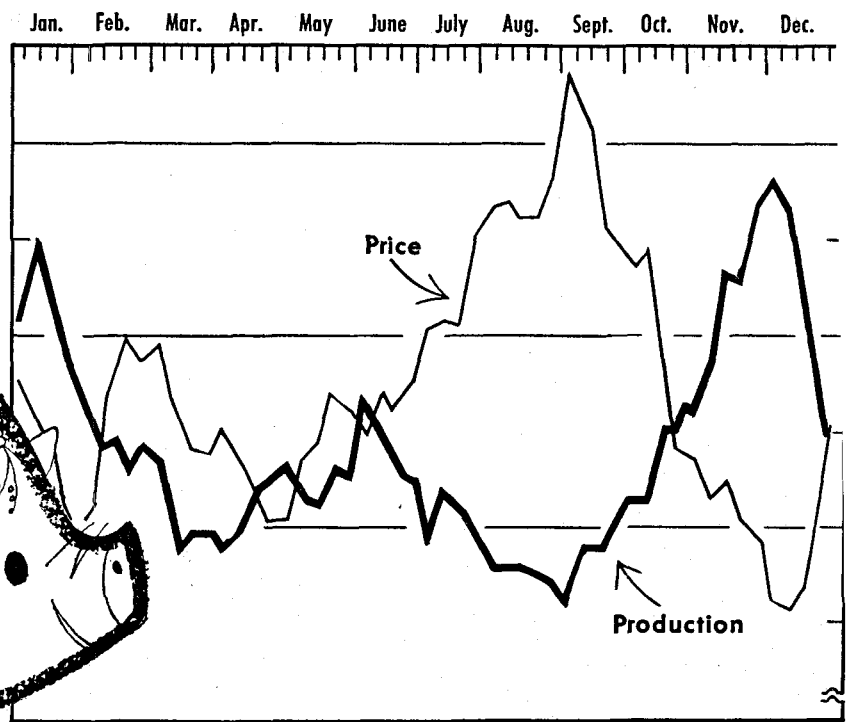
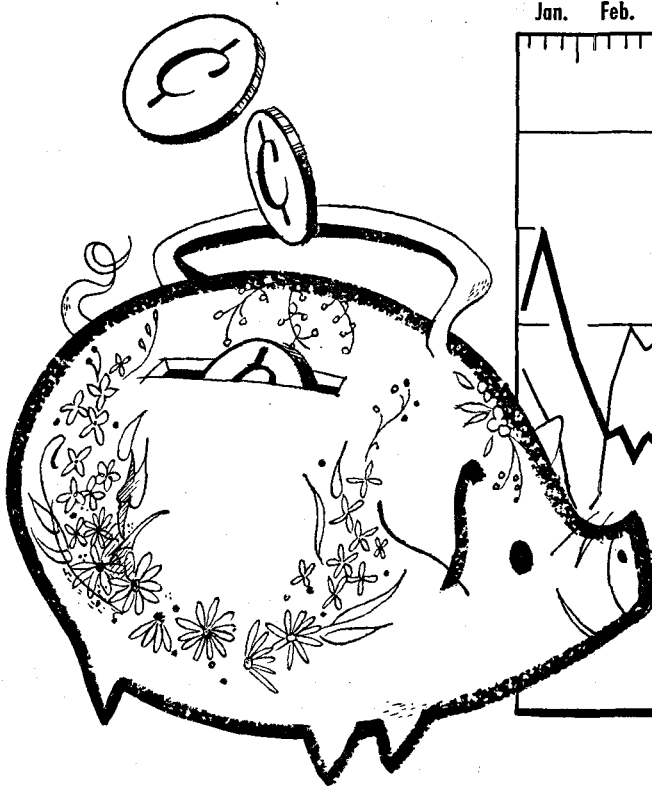
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WHAT LAW

Makes Pork Cost Less in December Than It Does in September?



This chart shows the relationship between pork production and pork prices based on figures for 1947-49, which the government is now using as the index-base period.

The good old law of *supply and demand*. With pork, it works like this:

More than half the pigs are born in spring — also according to law, the *law of nature*. They spend the summer and early fall growing to pork-chop size.

Then, along about the time the first leaves fall, all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens that happens with any other perishable commodity (strawberries

or eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

The price just naturally goes down!

That chart at the top shows how the cycle goes. *More pork — lower prices* through the winter months; *less pork — higher prices* through the summer.

But summertime is always the time when a big new meat crop is “growing up” on America’s farms and ranches.

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Ever since taking office, GOVERNOR ADLAI E. STEVENSON of Illinois has earned a larger than local reputation for his power to speak out on problems which most politicians prefer to leave alone. In the article which follows he punctures the double standard of gambling in this country; he makes it clear that reputable citizens who play slot machines in their lodges and country clubs are playing right into the hands of the bigger gamblers higher up. Before his election in 1948, Governor Stevenson served as assistant to the Secretary of the Navy from 1941 to 1944, assistant to the Secretary of State in 1945, and a delegate to the United Nations in 1946 and 1947.

WHO RUNS THE GAMBLING MACHINES?

by GOVERNOR ADLAI E. STEVENSON

GAMBLING is illegal in Illinois; yet, until recently, slot machines and gambling devices were woefully common. Not only the clubs and saloons but many restaurants, stores, hotels, even filling stations, had their one-armed bandits ready at hand to catch the nickels and dimes of school children and the quarters and half dollars of their parents. Moreover Cook County, which includes Chicago, is the center of the gambling machine manufacturing industry. And there too reside many of our more notorious hoodlums and hustlers of anything illegitimate — and profitable.

People don't understand how slot machines can be illegal in Illinois while the Federal government collects a tax of \$150 per year on each machine. The lawyer can explain the difference between the gambling laws of Illinois and the revenue laws of the United States. The average citizen, however, naturally assumes that when a machine has been properly registered with the Collector of Internal Revenue and the tax has been paid, the owner is entitled to use it. The owner is indignant when gambling devices on which he has paid the Federal tax are confiscated and destroyed under state law.

Effective law enforcement in Illinois with respect to slot machines and similar gambling devices that are Federally taxed has been complicated by popular misconceptions arising from this paradoxical

legal treatment by two separate governments. Moral confusions — always a problem with respect to gambling — are intensified. And the paradox is further aggravated when Congress taxes these machines yet prohibits their interstate shipment — which prohibition, by the way, does no good in Illinois, where they are all made.

But the slot machine and gambling have a significance that is not wholly embraced in a discussion of moral and legal confusion. And it is one we should not overlook if we are genuinely concerned about the concentration of power and authority over our lives at higher levels of government.

For more than a year after my inauguration as Governor, the Attorney General of Illinois and I tried through pressure and persuasion of local officials to stop commercial gambling in Illinois, which was one of the most wide-open states in the Union. There were some positive results, but on the whole they were unsatisfactory, and since May, 1950, the Illinois State Police have, at my direction, been engaged in periodic gambling raids in local communities all over the state. The results have been very gratifying, both directly and indirectly, thanks to the contagious effect on local officials of determined and sustained attack by the state.

Some measure of the effectiveness of the State Police raids in Illinois is provided by the figures released from time to time by the Collector of In-

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ternal Revenue in Springfield on the number of slot machine registrations (for Federal tax purposes) in the seventy-six counties comprising the so-called Southern Internal Revenue District. From the period July 1, 1948, through June 30, 1949, about 8400 slot machines were registered for Federal taxation in this area. How many more were in use is anybody's guess. The raids began in May, 1950. For the period of July 1, 1950, through June 30, 1951, the registrations totaled about 3400 — a decline of 60 per cent. And for the first three months of the new license year beginning July 1, 1951, the total registrations were down to 1783.

This seemingly remarkable improvement is due, as I say, not only to the State Police action but also to the effect of state intervention in alerting the people and the press locally and stimulating action by their officials. This latter is, of course, precisely the result for which we had hoped.

I measure my words carefully when I say that not a single one of these raids was necessitated by any inherent inability on the part of the local officials to cope with the conditions themselves. In my judgment the problem was neither too big nor too complex for the local officials to handle in a single case.

The State Police force of Illinois is undermanned for its normal duties of patrolling thousands of miles of highways night and day, directing traffic at many congested points, enforcing the truck-weight laws, chasing stolen cars, and so forth. They should not have to divert further time and effort to this task of local law enforcement. Those who talk so much about economy in government should reflect that this added duty can only result in higher costs of government, because the taxpayers are required to pay double for law enforcement — to the local officials who fail to do the job and also to the state to do the job for them.

The spectacle of the state having to use its money and resources to do work which local officials are elected and paid to do is distasteful, to say the least. And the county officials who hold the purse strings and withhold funds honestly needed by conscientious local law enforcement officers are themselves contributing to the very loss of power and responsibility which they deplore.

Now this situation presents, it seems to me, a classic case of why governmental functions climb the ladder to higher levels. In the enforcement of gambling laws, certainly, there is no one higher up reaching down for the added power. Rather, it is being thrust upon us by local default. And it is time we recognized that the "conspiracy" against our liberties from above is too often only a device to excuse our own inaction.

I should like to see the Illinois State Police withdraw from this field and give their full time to their other pressing and important duties. But they are not going to get out while I'm in if by doing so law enforcement will go by default and the hoodlums

get the green light to exact their grim toll of our purses, our morals, and our public life.

2

THE slot machine registration figures show something else which cannot be overlooked. It has been estimated that in 1948 and 1949, 75 per cent of the registered gambling devices in Illinois were in taverns and similar public places. For the year beginning July 1, 1950, the Federal registration figures released for these seventy-six counties of Illinois were broken down by location into three categories: taverns, fraternal organizations, and private clubs. For this period the figures showed 37 per cent of the machines in taverns, 49 per cent in fraternal organizations, and 14 per cent in the clubs. For the first three months of the new license year beginning July 1, 1951, the distribution was 7 per cent in taverns and 93 per cent in lodges, veterans' posts, clubs, and so forth. Army and Navy posts no longer bear any of the blame for these results, because Congress a year ago expressly prohibited gambling devices at military installations.

These figures speak for themselves. They speak loudly and insistently of an attempt to establish a double standard of law observance which would negate the concept of equal treatment for all, the most basic concept we have. I have heard all the arguments about how the slot machine in the country club is one thing and the slot machine in the corner saloon another. Of course there is a difference. But I know also that the machine in either place is against the law as it stands on the books; and I know further that the citizen who "harmlessly" violates the law in his country club or fraternal lodge is in no position to, and does not in fact, insist that his elected officers enforce the law in the corner saloon.

By this very act of self-indulgence many of our most reputable and influential citizens sterilize their power and influence to demand and get faithful performance by their local officials. They have tied their own hands and stopped their own mouths — and on this issue they evaporate as a community force. They place honest and conscientious law enforcement officials under intolerable and unwarranted social pressures. They delude themselves that they have discovered a way of maintaining their clubs and activities for nothing — and they pay ten times over in terms of lax law enforcement, corrupted officials, venal politics, opaque morals, and finally the surrender of self-government to higher levels of authority.

When Congress decided more than a year ago to prohibit the shipment of gambling devices in interstate commerce, I pointed out that this law might only aggravate our problem in Illinois because virtually all such devices are manufactured in Cook County, Illinois. Clearly the one place where traffic

in slot machines could be carried on without falling afoul of Uncle Sam was in this state. Hence, I recommended to the Illinois legislature last spring that the state should supplement the Act of Congress by prohibiting the manufacture of such devices, so that our local law enforcement officers could knock out the traffic at its source.

Two bills were introduced to this end. They never got out of committee. And it was clear to observers of these proceedings that the fraternal and veterans' organizations and the private clubs were opposed to them. The criminal syndicates didn't even have to get into the act. They sat back and let the respectable elements do their work for them. Yet many good citizens insist that slot machines in clubrooms have no effect on crime generally, while uniformly they bemoan the way in which Washington and the state capital at Springfield are encroaching on the powers reserved to local government.

3

At the annual meeting of the American Bar Association not long ago, the retiring president said that the most serious problem confronting bar and country alike was the trend towards centralization of governmental authority, the constant pushing of old and new public functions up to higher and higher levels. At the same meeting, the assembled membership approved a report of the Bar Association's Commission on Organized Crime, recommending that state governments assume enlarged responsibilities and functions in the area of law enforcement. Now I am sympathetically conscious of Emerson's cautionary reminder that consistency is too often the hobgoblin of little minds, and we lawyers fancy that our professional training and experience have a liberating and broadening effect intellectually. Nevertheless, the apparent inconsistency is so transparent that a layman might well conclude that lawyers are no better than anyone else when it comes to keeping clear the relationships between our general principles and their application in concrete cases.

The interest taken by the Bar Association in creating the Commission on Organized Crime is deeply gratifying to everyone concerned with law enforcement and public morals. Those of us whose daily lives touch in any degree upon the problem of crime and law violation need every possible ally to combat cynicism and apathy; and especially we need the positive, active assistance of the lawyers, who by education best understand the problem of law enforcement and its infinite difficulties. Lawyers, too, are peculiarly informed about the structure and functioning of government; they are in a better position than most people to recognize the implications of centralizing transfers of power and responsibility.

With much of the Commission's report I agree, as

I am sure anyone having any experience with the stubborn problem of law enforcement would. I cannot deny the validity of the Commission's recommendations in spite of the implicit further centralization. Perhaps in that direction lies the only ultimate solution. But I fervently hope it does not. And before we accept further abdication of local responsibility as the only possible solution of the law enforcement problem in the gambling field, we had best consider the consequences very carefully indeed. If it is the only feasible alternative, and if we are obliged to conclude that it is, then so be it, and the shadow of the monolithic state will fall more darkly across our path than most of us have realized. But if the shadow is cast by nothing more than community indifference and selfishness, as I think it is, then surely usurpation of another large field of local responsibility is *not* the only alternative nor even the best solution.

The Commission in its report accepts and confirms the finding of the Kefauver Committee that "gambling profits are the principal support of big-time racketeering and gangsterism." I agree also with the additional finding that "the creeping paralysis of law enforcement which results from a failure to enforce the gambling laws spreads to other types of crimes and leads to a general breakdown in law enforcement." This spilling over of gambling profits and influences into other fields of still more intrinsic harmfulness and danger is one of the principal reasons why I have been against commercial gambling in Illinois — and why I always shall be. And not the least of the many pernicious effects of lax enforcement in the gambling field is its corrupting influence on politics and political organization. Democracy is not healthy when a large, illegal business — gambling — can control candidates and elections, can defeat and dishearten decent people who venture into politics. It was with this in mind that I said to an earlier American Bar Association convention: "These are the reasons why the dropping of a fifty-cent piece in a slot machine is too often not merely a matter between you and your own conscience or purse."

But the immediate question is not the evils of nonenforcement of the gambling laws. The immediate question is: How do we deal with this problem without compromising the values of local self-government?

I think it fair to characterize the Commission's report and recommendations as looking clearly in the direction of greater power and responsibility for law enforcement at the state level. In the recommendations themselves the pertinent reference is to the drafting of "model statutes providing for greater state supervision over local law enforcement agencies, the adoption of uniform law enforcement policies and improving the functioning of local law enforcement agencies." But "supervision" always tends, when spelled out in any context, to include

large elements of participation as well as control. And this seems to be borne out by the discussions in the report of specific issues.

For example, the section dealing with prosecutors — State's Attorneys in Illinois — notes first that the "outstanding characteristic" of these officials in America is that they are not subject to any supervision and direction by any superior outside agency and are "largely independent of central state control." It then concludes that "if the prosecutor's office is to serve as an effective barrier against organized crime, the state will have to take a much greater share of the responsibility in exercising a supervisory function over the local prosecutor's office." In the research report upon which the conclusion is founded, it is suggested that perhaps prosecutors should be appointed by the Governor rather than elected locally; and that a department of justice should be organized in each state, to which the prosecutor should be directly answerable and which should have general supervision of law enforcement throughout the state.

In the case of local police, it is indicated that the state should "set standards for efficiency in police work, make periodic inspections of police departments, and provide subventions to those departments which meet the state standards." The Commission concludes that "there must be a greater assumption of responsibility on the part of the state in connection with law enforcement," and "the state must provide the organization, the money, the manpower and the direction. . . ."

Now, whatever else this all may be and however valid, it is not home rule; it is not local self-government in its most basic aspect — law enforcement. It is a long stride towards, rather than away from, the progressive migration of authority and function from the bottom to the top. The adoption of this report by the legal profession in its national convention in my mind continues to contradict the still echoing applause for the president's valedictory exhortation that the bar leave no stone unturned to arrest the drift towards government by remote control.

If we mean what we say in this latter regard, then I suggest that it is timely to explore every possible alternative before we embark upon a course of funneling power over law enforcement to the state level. Once that level is reached, the pressures will build up — as they have already begun to do — to effect a further transfer to the Federal government.

I think we should travel that inviting but hazardous road very slowly. In this instance I don't think we need travel it at all if we cultivate more positively the sense of community responsibility — if we stop preaching so much about the virtues of local management and begin to practice them. In this limited area we can arrest the trend if we but have some will power and perseverance, if we organize and agitate with zeal and persistence. But if

we don't feel a sense of community responsibility for law observance, then let's stop this hollow wailing about concentration of power and admit that we "asked for it."

Perhaps the biggest single obstacle to gambling-law enforcement in Illinois at this moment is the complacency of the people who play the machines. And all that is needed to overcome it is for otherwise good citizens to show the sense of responsibility themselves that they expect of others.

Why, then, should we throw in the towel and start looking in the direction of greater authority at the state level, especially when we know that you cannot chip away at local government in one place without undermining the whole structure? Why should we discuss vesting authority in the Governor at Springfield to remove local officials who are themselves subject to removal by the voters at the polls? If we mean what we say about the importance of keeping government close to the people, why don't we first practice what we preach and marshal opinion to get results at home before abdicating our powers to higher levels of government and a new hierarchy of law enforcement officials superimposed upon the old? Why should we be thinking about grants of state funds to local units to bribe them to do what they could now do unaided, if only an aroused, vigilant, and unselfish citizenry demanded it?

While I am on the subject of public responsibility, I should like to point out that public officials don't corrupt each other; that behind every bribe taker in government is a bribe giver, behind every fixer is a fix, behind every influence peddler is someone who wants the influence, behind every lobbyist is a pressure group. Who are they? Why, they are "the people." And sometimes they are not cheaters and scum, but the same "respectable" people who demand that all the officials in a government by the governed should be cleaner than the governed, cleaner than themselves. But that is another subject, which we can leave with emphatic agreement that even one corrupt public official is one too many.

There is a price tag on good local government as there is on everything else. It must be paid for in active and continuing interest in local affairs, in self-denial in all those situations where self-indulgence — the double standard — has a harmful effect on the community at large, in willingness to press issues insistently in the face of strong personal and social pressures.

I do not want to see Springfield take over the control and direction of law enforcement throughout Illinois. All the signposts on that road point to Washington. The values of local government are too great and too inclusive to be frittered away in any single respect without first doing everything we can to preserve them. In law enforcement our problem is not so much to devise new machinery as to make what we have work.

Atlantic Portrait

Paul Valéry, the French poet and essayist, was born in 1871 in the small town of Cette overlooking the Mediterranean. His childhood was made memorable by the light and sea of a coastwise village and by the magnificent architecture of Genoa, where he spent his vacations. Italy, whose language and literature he soon mastered, became his "other country." After his military service, his friendship with André Gide, Pierre Louÿs, and Stephen Mallarmé became a pivotal influence in his career. He turned away from the study of law and began to contribute to the Nouvelle Revue. To his son, FRANÇOIS VALÉRY, we are indebted for this intimate and perceptive portrait of a poet's preoccupation, which has been translated for the Atlantic by Esther P. Shiverick.

PAUL VALÉRY

by FRANÇOIS VALÉRY

I

IN STATURE and bearing my father, Paul Valéry, resembled the French foot soldier: he was short and well-proportioned, spare and lively; nothing mannered or affected. He did not like tall men — not that he envied them, but he suspected that their brains were relatively smaller.

He had pale eyes, not exactly blue; silver blue or gray at times, deepening to violet if he chose to gaze at you directly. He spoke quickly, without raising his voice, which was flat, with some barely perceptible traces of the Midi accent: "Speak out, will you," Degas used to say. He smoked fifty or sixty cigarettes a day; he rolled them himself, very neatly.

My father's hands were not so much fine as clever and symmetrical; they were warm and virile. He liked to use his hands, and he entertained us children with marionettes. He had a fancy for pointless little objects, and one of the drawers of his worktable contained rags, bits of string, candle ends, and pliers, with a few useless tools bought from street peddlers; he called it his slops drawer.

He was not orderly and was always losing things, rummaging in all his pockets before he came on his lighter or his spectacles. Doubtless he wore his monocle around his neck for that reason, but it often escaped his eye socket to dive into the soup.

Not many authors have been content with such inconvenient working conditions: a room heaped with the books people sent him, which he rarely read (though he rather liked undoing packages), and strewn with notes and files. Sometimes a pile would topple and an inkwell tip over; then we would hear his voice through the closed study door: "Nom de Dieu de nom de Dieu!" He dreamed of a big room, with a plank on trestles, where he could have spread out his notes to sort them. But he always returned, with soldierly regularity, to his painted white table, his window, and the two or

three chimney pots on which he gazed before sunrise.

He could, on the whole, put up with a good deal of noise, objecting only feebly to the racket we made as children; hurdy-gurdies and scales bothered him, but he came to endure the radio's gabble and static without apparent annoyance.

His naturalness put him at ease with everyone, with royal personages and (more remarkable and doubtless more difficult) with children. We seldom confided in him, but I think he received confidences with difficulty; still, there was nothing strained or conventional in our relations.

My father punished us very rarely, and generally mistakenly; he could not bring himself to make a punishment outlast his rancor, and he had no rancor. When sometimes he did make a remark, he would add hastily, and quite without indignation, "I know you won't pay it any mind," and things were left at that.

When we were sick, he told us stories, dancing a marionette at the foot of the bed. The devil always came into it; my father enjoyed the devil. Perhaps that accounts for his delight in Punch-and-Judy. One particular demon never would appear until the sorceress piously kissed the behind of a black hen. He could have written marvelous tales in the manner of the Thousand and One Nights, of which he was very fond.

Before I was born, at a time when he had more leisure for his children, he built cardboard crèches for my brother and sister, to shelter the figures my grandmother sent from Italy. In my turn, I had a little theater and he made sets for *Die Walküre* and *Parsifal*. He liked children to use their ingenuity by inventing their own games.

He would make faces at us, and take us walking "as far as the Métro of the Place Victor Hugo," which he pretended was a place of vast delights, or to the Trocadero aquarium. He walked very fast

and never noticed that we could barely keep up. For my father, though kindly to a fault, seldom put himself in the place of another. Just as he walked too fast for his children, he never tried, or seemed to try, to understand them.

2

MY FATHER was perfectly at home in hotel rooms. I suspect that it was these rooms, anonymous but comfortable, which he most enjoyed when he traveled. Trips generally bored him. Any capital, river, or bridge was just another capital, river, or bridge. Foreign ports did not beguile him; nor did the country, where he was much annoyed by bugs that stung and scratched — “all that little hostile world.”

He preferred trees to flowers. He liked the sea, lateen sails, the shape of hulls and anchors, sailors' knots, cordage, and the names of nautical things. The delight of swimming recalled his boyhood holidays at Genoa; he liked to swim under water, not, however, risking any great distance — he had almost drowned twice, and told of being attacked by an octopus. On the beach, he scavenged for shells and dry bones, and brought them back to Paris for his collection of valueless objects which he defended bitterly from the covetousness of his children.

He never went to the theater or the cinema, and to very few concerts. He read very seldom — no novels, little verse. Sometimes he would reread a tragedy of Corneille, a fable by La Fontaine, a Bossuet sermon, or even *Monsieur Nicolas* by Restif. His last reading, undertaken especially for a lecture at the Sorbonne, was Voltaire's correspondence. He usually went to bed early and there would be a mathematical treatise on the bed table, or a copy of Virgil or Tacitus; sometimes a book on French or Latin etymology, or even a crossword puzzle. In this way he overcame insomnia; he was always able to fall asleep easily, but he was awakened by terrible fits of coughing.

This nervous man was indulgent and perfectly easy to live with. He never said or did anything to create or further a quarrel. He was courteous and detested squabbling; but he did reply to those attacks, absurd as they were, which bore on himself rather than on his work; for he was serious about integrity and such virtues as have been called middle-class. He respected the rules of the game. But his tolerance, though it was generous almost to a fault, could wear thin. He was often mistaken in people, either through ingenuousness or pure indifference. Once disabused, he turned his back on them.

My father was immensely grateful for any favor: admiration affected him all the more because he neither sought nor expected it. One day, when we were looking at a very elaborate heating plant

in a big Parisian railroad station, one of the workers showed him a filthy book, with torn bindings and the back unglued; it was a ragged copy of *Eupalinos* by Paul Valéry. I saw that my father was moved.

He did not pass judgment on others, his colleagues in particular. He did not know them well, nor did he take any interest in them. Even if he had been better acquainted with their work, it would probably have made no difference; for, as he said positively, he “wouldn't have known what to make of it.” Things held his attention only when he could learn from them or when he thought he could not have done them himself. After one of his rare visits to the theater (in this case to see a clever popular play), he said he was “quite impressed” and added, “I wouldn't be able for the life of me to do such a piece of work.”

Much as he might complain of it, his memory was remarkable. He knew a great deal of poetry by heart, and had a good background in all subjects, particularly history, which he disparaged. He was interested in everything that the history books left out.

Contrary to what has been said of him often, he was no mathematician — his studies had not taken that direction — but he understood mathematical methods of reasoning; concepts of function, transformation, grouping, and substitution always held his interest and directed his own researches into the fields of language and the workings of the mind. He liked to work out problems and make algebraic calculations. But when he helped one of his children with a lesson, the results were often pathetic — partly because his correct reasoning often led him to a false numerical solution; partly because he would not stoop to elementary methods, with the result that the teacher could not fail to suspect.

In mathematics, as in almost all things, Paul Valéry, without being self-taught, *behaved* as though he were. This he did conscientiously.

When I was a child, I didn't know what my father did; I seem to remember that the nature of his profession — which he did not regard as such — was revealed to me by his sudden election to the Academy. I wouldn't have been surprised at being told that he was a colonel, an engineer, a civil servant.

Later, when I became acquainted with the world of letters, I realized how accurate my instinct had been; my father was not a man of letters, even though he placed tremendous value on language. I mean that the odor of literature did not hover about him. He had the pride and the humility of a scientist. He could have applied his “system” to other fields — to military science, for instance, or political economy. His notebooks bear witness. He dealt as a man of action with the things of the spirit. His system was a system of *powers*. He was inspired all his life by the idea of “doing.”

Paul Valéry profoundly admired Wagner's work — *Die Walküre* above all. To him Wagner was a

strategist, supremely conscious of his designs, deliberate in his attack on the sensibility of his public. My father, who loathed the piano, would refuse Chopin and ask my mother to play a passage from the Ring cycle. Sometimes, too, he would play with one finger — to which his technique was limited — the themes of Brünnehilde or Wotan. His ear was accurate and retentive. When he was cheerful he would hum whole passages from the operettas of Lecocq or Offenbach, or Gounod's *Faust*, imitating a provincial baritone. He did at one time like Beethoven, but eventually wearied of him, finding him tedious, inclined to be repetitive, and sometimes vulgar. He admired Gluck's recitatives and some Bach, but they soon bored him: "It might as well go on forever."

Actually, in music as elsewhere, he sought that on which his intellect could feed. He envied musicians, feeling that, unlike poets, they were not obliged to use a language meant for general purposes, nor did they have to consider the everyday meanings in the elements they combined. Poetry seemed to him the most difficult of the arts.

He drew well, using his fountain pen, and made shadows by licking his finger to spread the line. Occasionally he did water colors and oils. He was interested in composition, the problems of projecting the three-dimensional forms onto one plane, and the play of these forms in light. His preference for Leonardo, Rembrandt, Daumier, Degas, and Claude Lorrain is not surprising. He himself chose a little sketch to put by his bed; it was by Berthe Morisot, his wife's aunt: two swans, barely decipherable, yet beautifully poised on the surface of an illusory lake. But he was irritated by those canvases which represented three pears or four apples, unless they were by Chardin and the execution made up for the subject.

He loathed the dullness of museums; he thought the curators absurd in their mania for turning them into catalogues of art history by grouping works chronologically. He would have liked them to erase the names from the canvases.

3

His day began with coffee, about five or five-thirty in the morning; very black coffee, almost like syrup, which he concocted himself. Before dawn, in pajamas, his shoulders shawled, holding a cigarette as he watched day come above the chimney pots, my father would devote himself with implacable regularity, with an inhuman perseverance, to a solitary rite: the attempt to create a personal language, to recast the dictionary to his own use, to follow certain themes to vanishing point, to accumulate notes, never including anything which had not been genuinely thought through — which, that is, even after deepest introspection, could not be "depersonalized."

Nothing would have made him give up his morning's work; no matter what happened, he was at his table. The day after he had got word of his adored mother's death, we could hear the typewriter as usual. This showed no lack of feeling on his part; it was a discipline and a defense. Every morning, no matter what, for more than fifty years, his "little factory" smoked away, whether he was happy or dismal, carefree or worried, tired or fresh, traveling or in Paris, whether his mother had died or a child had been born.

For my father was a man of absolute values. His withdrawal from life had been for him, as for an ascetic, entirely voluntary; he had made a discipline of denial and a strategy of flight. No one could have been more vulnerable, nor indeed sensitive, but the shell was inside the man. I think that he suffered from it, sometimes, as from a foreign body: this hard core, within himself and opposed only to himself, could be painful.

He was a strong man and a weak one. The strong man was strong indeed; he had his prototypes, his heroes, his myths: Narcissus, Monsieur Teste, Faust, Leonardo, and Napoleon. The weak man was almost a child, dreamy-eyed, sensitive, mischievous, sometimes wretched.

At eleven o'clock, after five or six hours of work and two or three cups of coffee, black or white, my father dressed to go out. He shaved with abandon, nicking himself occasionally; struggled with his collar button; stuffed his pockets with his collection of keys and his tobacco; and sometimes made the butterfly bow which he called "the cravat of the French peasant." (This was, in fact, his only nod to agriculture, whose slow labors he found dismal and barbarous.)

By that hour he would have filled several pages of his notebook. His hand was simple and remarkably consistent, though it did evince a certain cyclical development. He worked out his poems both on his machine — an old Oliver, rugged and primitive — and by hand. Thus hundreds of scraps of *La Jeune Parque* remain. It was also on the machine that he did what he called his "extra homework": lectures, prefaces, and so on. The fervor of his labors did not imply lack of facility. He scribbled off a good many occasional poems, some of which may turn out to have surprising importance, on photographs or flyleaves. But he did not seek facility.

He despised the affectation of sincerity. Sincerity to him meant work. Despite his friendship with Gide, he could not look into the *Journal* without a sensation bordering on discomfort. In 1945, however, he saw Gide for the first time in several years and was taken aback by the depth of his own emotion.

Around eleven, as I say, my father would go out. It was his escape from himself, from the kind of intellectual onanism to which he was dedicated;

and from his family — five or six large and small persons established in a flat which, though fairly large, was not intended for more than three.

At one period he would go to see M. Lebey, whose secretary he was. M. Lebey, a businessman and director of the Havas news agency, was paralyzed. His nephew, André Lebey, my father's great friend, had found him this employment, which gave him time for his own work while it supplemented his income. My father would read to the paralytic, Bossuet in particular. These readings had the surprising result of contributing to M. Lebey's reconversion to Catholicism, in remembrance of which he bequeathed to my father a hideous gold and platinum watch with a complicated chime.

After M. Lebey's death, my father found himself unemployed. My mother persuaded him, against his long-standing conviction, that he could live by his pen. He was sure that his researches were useless. He could not imagine that what he called his exercises might be exchanged for food for his generally voracious children. It seemed to him so unlikely that *La Jeune Parque* might be transformable into bread and butter that, without the mediocre security of his job, he had a real fear of going under.

It is doubtless this quite natural fear which gave a certain credence to the story, still current to some extent, that Paul Valéry was mercenary. If he had been, he would have pursued his literary career quite differently. As he sometimes said, "If I had wanted cash, I would have written an obscene book or a life of St. Francis."

I regret that he didn't, for his idea of eroticism or of holiness would have been as characteristic as everything else in his works. His marvelous incomprehension of anything which was not himself isolated him from any subject which chance or necessity compelled him to treat. Whether, that is, it were Proust, Pétain, France, Foch, Swedenborg, or even Goethe, he re-created them in his own image. If he were forced to talk about philosophers who bored him, poets he had never read, or marshals of France whose strategy struck him as dubious, he got out of it less by changing the subject, as most people would, than by fabricating a person to fit his own universe. If he had had to welcome his thirty-nine colleagues to the Academy, or to pronounce their funeral orations, he could have created thirty-nine Testes disguised as generals, ambassadors, journalists, bishops, or statesmen.

A newspaper once called Paul Valéry "the great prebendary of the Republic." He had, actually, no prebend other than the Mediterranean University Centre, to which he devoted much care and interest, and of which he would have liked to make an original creation, entirely independent of the University proper; and the Collège de France,

where he was, as he put it, an old man but a young professor.

His two courses tired him; he had to rely on himself for material — not, like so many professors, on the works of others or on notes based on them. During the German occupation, he was accosted in front of the Collège by a German officer who asked him what the building was. My father answered, "It's a place where speech is free." The surprised officer passed on without a word. A great prebendary! Paul Valéry never had a car, nor a secretary, nor room to work in. He would not permit himself taxis; he enjoyed walking anyway and, until the last, went at a lively gait.

Despite his frugal nature, he was generous at home. He never refused me a trip or a concert; I think that, unlike most husbands, he never made difficulties about giving his wife housekeeping money. This liberality was all the greater because it was very hard for him to see that others might need things which he did not.

As a result either of indifference or benevolence, Paul Valéry could not say no. This was well known. Of the very many — I might say, too many — prefaces he wrote, the majority were extracted from him gratis, for various reasons — including friendship, which was abused. Many of his most important works, however, were commissions originally. Such work seemed to him worth while only in so far as an extra limitation on his freedom might prove valuable. But the necessity of writing was burdensome to him. Unlike another writer, he might well have said, "If I were forced to write, I would kill myself."

4

MY FATHER'S "success" after 1920 was unquestionably a paradox. In five years' time it brought this retiring, even bashful writer, of whom few spoke except to complain that he had not fulfilled his early promise, to membership in the Academy. He would otherwise have been the solitary seeker, whom the Abbé Mugnier called the lay monk of the morning. Scholars would have enjoyed the posthumous discovery of his work. If they are deprived of this luxury, and if Paul Valéry underwent the great test of fame in his own lifetime, it is due to chance, to the aftermath of war, to a certain snobbism, to a few fanatic admirers, and to the decency and charm of this difficult poet who gradually became a sort of poet laureate to the Third Republic.

I do not know whether he was overcome by his honors; one must of course suspect some vanity even in a man of the greatest quality. He certainly received the honors with a modesty he did not feign, and which I have sometimes thought excessive. He had inherited from a Venetian mother his respect for official functions; my grandmother

always said, in her charming accent, "One must have one's position." Besides, official tasks probably seemed to him a good security for the material existence he thought so precarious, believing as he did that modern society has no room for the artist, especially one so rigorous and difficult as himself. And he loathed attitudinizing; he had no intention of posing as a rebel. The familiar anecdote concerning Goethe and Beethoven, in which the latter refuses to acknowledge the imperial presence before which Goethe bows low, seemed to him a proof of the composer's vulgarity. Vulgarity to him meant giving disproportionate importance to a gesture or a ceremony. He was at once humble and supremely proud.

This extraordinarily swift official success arose also from a misunderstanding. My father was thought to be the average sort of Frenchman: Radical-Socialist, secular, even anticlerical (but with a few close friends among the clergy), patriotic, sometimes chauvinistic, but a good European who favored international coöperation. To a limited extent, this was so.

In reality, though, Paul Valéry was an individual of the most dangerous sort, in that he never took the popular view. His sayings and writings may not always be original, especially since he systematically disregarded the works of others, and thus cared very little whether something had been said or written before. Whatever he did say or write was conceived of in the perspective of his own system and referred to coördinates he had established for himself. Having an individual point of view about everything, he perforce denied any real value to the modes of thought, expression, conduct, or action current in modern societies.

Unable to adhere to one country, party, or religion, he was the archetype of an anarchist, but one who avoided revealing himself as such for fear of jeopardizing his redoubtable freedom — an anarchist who so delighted in rules that he invented them for himself.

Strange that a certain public should be so naïve as to gauge the corrosive force of an idea by the vehemence, if not the incoherence, of its expression, and so have failed to realize how outrageous Valéry was. With respect to morality, metaphysics, and politics, my father behaved like a man who, holding a bank note, would hasten to make sure that its counterpart in specie was actually there in the vault. Not that he condemned currency credit. Despising inflated words, he nonetheless recognized that the sign cannot be the object and that it can only represent an actual value. He could not bear to see the appearance taken for the substance, in ethics and philosophy as well as in politics.

The whole basis of the political system thus seemed to him absurd and obsolete. He was an anarchist (as he smilingly put it, "an anarchist of the government"); but he would equally have

welcomed an authoritarian regime of a unique sort, one free from propaganda, beliefs, or taboos, such as would have encouraged rather than suppressed the mind's freedom; he would have rallied to a sort of intellectual Napoleon.

He felt that the political universe was a system of forces and not a static entity; but he thought these forces to be other than those recognized by historians. He thought that the kind of politics to be found daily in the papers resembled an absurd, endless movie, ridiculous in any case, and almost completely dependent on the abuse of language. When, at the end of his life, he reread Voltaire's correspondence, he deplored the present lack of such a mind, one that could cut away underbrush and topple idols.

It is odd that he should have passed for a Republican or a Radical-Socialist. I think that he believed in democracy only in so far as he thought that suffrage injected sufficient anarchy to prevent oppression.

My father's patriotism was emotional. Born in 1871, he had the almost chauvinistic sensitivity of his generation. Besides, despite his Latin origins, he was intellectually as French as a man could be; how could anyone so enchanted with words not have felt, despite his universalism, the bonds which linked him to a culture and a tongue?

In this domain, as in some others, his thought, however bold and radical, did not seem to influence his reactions. He reacted very simply and just like everyone else.

Whatever his "extra homework" might be, he worked at it. In spite of the difficulties of his existence, he was never tempted to make concessions to the public. He never compromised. Legend to the contrary, he existed within a carapace of integrity uncommon in the world of letters. Two hundred fifty workbooks, 50,000 pages of typed or manuscript notes, written for no one but himself; poems, frequently difficult, fully comprehensible only to a limited number of readers; commissions accepted by necessity, executed scrupulously; a few lectures, often as detailed as his written works — this was the labor of a lifetime.

He did not like to reread his own work. He cared about neither the past nor the future. If he did happen to like some earlier work, he feared he would no longer be able "to do as much"; if, on the other hand, he turned up some old fragment which seemed to him inferior, he was hardly better pleased.

It was in any case the act of thinking, not the result, which beguiled and rejoiced him.

If some demon had offered him Faust's bargain, I think he would have destroyed all his finished work in exchange for a few more moments of the supreme intellectual power he had known sometimes as he sat by himself and watched the morning come.



DR. ELLIOTT DOBSON is the pseudonym of a physician who is practicing today and who began to lose his eyesight in his thirty-third year. Now in total darkness, a specialist in the field of internal medicine, he handles his large practice, teaches at one of our leading medical schools, and serves as a staff member in a large metropolitan hospital. His article is drawn from the book *When Doctors Are Patients*, edited by Max Pinner, M.D., and Benjamin F. Miller, M.D., which Norton will publish in April. Other chapters, by Dr. Fredric Wertham and the late Dr. Abraham Myerson, will appear in subsequent issues of the *Atlantic*.

THE LIGHT WITHIN THE DARKNESS

by DR. ELLIOTT DOBSON

I

THE doctor's office was on 59th Street, and as we came out on the sidewalk we could see that the green of Central Park was beginning to be tinged with faint brown under the hot blue sky of mid-July. We went to Rumpelmayers for lunch and afterward took a taxi to the hospital. Riding uptown, I can remember seeing a sign above a shoe store. The letters were large, black upon a white background, and surrounded by a scintillating halo. They spelled out the words "Thom McAn," and they were the last I was ever to read. The next day I was operated upon for retinal detachment. Despite the efforts of an able surgeon the operation was a failure, and since that day twelve years ago I have been totally blind.

When my world thus came tumbling down about my ears, I was forty years old, with a wife and two small sons, aged six and eight years. I had been engaged in the practice and teaching of internal medicine for fifteen years and had attained the rank of assistant professor of clinical medicine in a large metropolitan school. At the age of five, I had been found to be a high myope with astigmatism and ocular muscle imbalance. Like many myopes I was an avid reader with a retentive, photographic memory. Despite my visual handicap I was able to participate in sports, such as baseball and football, to a limited extent. My myopia increased sharply during adolescence, and by the time I was twenty-two years of age it had reached 12 diopters. During succeeding years, likewise, the imbalance of my ocular muscles and my astigmatism gradually became worse. When I was thirty-two I suffered a large retinal tear in the macula of my left eye. The consensus of my ophthalmological consultants was against surgical repair, and for the next seven years I lived and worked with slowly failing monocular vision.

There is no need here to recount the thoughts, the desperate dwindling hopes, the slow surrender to grim inevitable truth of one who watches the dark curtain slowly descend, nor does it seem fitting to transcribe that black despair which twists the heart when the silent severance from light is made complete. These things, portrayed by abler pens than mine, seem to me to lie too deep for plucking forth. Suffice it to say that the storm was somehow weathered through.

The facts being squarely faced, it became necessary to take stock and to make a decision. The inventory showed among my assets some pearls of great price. Chief among these stood my wife, herself a physician and gifted with intelligence, optimism, and energy. Without her loyalty and her gay, courageous heart, a dark way would have been darker indeed. Her ability to achieve a career for herself, while maintaining to the fullest the role of wife and mother, and giving encouragement, guidance, and support to me in a hundred ways, represents in itself a most noteworthy accomplishment. Next in importance stood the encouragement and support of my friends and colleagues, and the coöperation of my associates and superiors in the medical school and hospital. Fortunate also was the happy accident of my training in a special field where the benefit of vision is more dispensable than in most.

With these considerations in mind only one decision was possible: to pick up the pieces and to carry on. Through the kindness of hospital and academic authorities I have been able to concentrate my activities in the teaching hospital of our medical school. My work has continued to include private consultation practice, the direction of a special outpatient clinic, and clinical teaching in the form of bedside conferences, ward rounds, and

clinical lectures. I visit patients in consultation in their homes or other hospitals, sit on various hospital committees, contribute occasional articles to the medical literature, and present papers from time to time before local or national medical organizations. My office and hospital practice is carried on with the aid of an assistant.

For various reasons I have failed to utilize several facilities for the blind. I have not attempted to learn Braille. This doubtless is due in large part to intrinsic inertia (a euphemism for pure laziness); to the ineptitude of a middle-aged set of reflexes; to the fact that much of my reading material is of necessity technical and not available in Braille; and in large measure to the availability of other sources of cultural and recreational reading. The Talking Books, made possible through the combined efforts of a government project and the American Foundation for the Blind, have filled a great need with the wide variety of literature which they supply. Radio has its obvious niche and, along with periodicals and newspapers read to me by members of my family, helps to keep me abreast of current developments. Much of my spare time is of necessity devoted to current medical literature and the preparation of lectures. In this I have enjoyed the services of a neighbor, a skilled reader versed in medical literature, the widow of a distinguished colleague and friend.

Two other potential advantages have likewise not been realized. The availability of stenographic assistance and technical recording facilities has abetted my disinclination to learn a touch system of typewriting (doubtless another manifestation of intrinsic inertia). I have not acquired a Seeing Eye dog largely because most of my time is spent indoors within the hospital and office. The problem of physical exercise has been solved in part by cross-country walking and calisthenics.

2

WHAT of the practice of medicine without benefit of vision? The effectiveness of the properly integrated use of palpation, an attentive ear, and a keen olfactory sense is indeed remarkable. The auditory impression of the length of stride and of the level from which the spoken voice emanates gives a useful estimate regarding the height of the patient. The quality of the voice tells me much about the personality and emotional tension. The quality imparted by swelling of the upper respiratory mucous membranes or by motor impairment of the laryngeal mechanism is often characteristic. I have been able correctly to suspect the presence of acromegaly and of myxedema from the patient's voice. The vocal quality imparted by tumors in the nasopharynx, or by uvular paralysis or weakness, is sometimes diagnostic — as is the stridor associated with recurrent laryngeal paralysis or

with intrathoracic pressure exerted upon the trachea or bronchi.

The uses of palpation are manifold and obvious. The patient's general habitus, his state of nutrition and of muscular tone and development, the presence of atrophy, and conformation of the skull, the physiognomy, the texture of the skin, can be ascertained by touch. Also, the character and distribution of the hair, exophthalmos, edema, the presence of tumors, adenopathy, goiter, vascular pulsation, ascites, hernias, lesions of the nails, tremors, enlargement of abdominal viscera — all these things and many more are readily revealed to the exploring hand of the sightless examiner.

Likewise the value of olfactory impressions is considerable. The fresh alcoholic aroma which surrounds the diurnal drinker or the stale smell of last night's drinking bout may reveal much. I once astonished a patient, after we had exchanged a few words of introduction, by remarking that all I knew of him at the moment was that he had lived in New York, probably Brooklyn, and that he was a heavy smoker of cigars. He pleaded guilty to both these soft impeachments. The answers of course lay in his characteristic accent and in the equally characteristic odor of cigar tobacco which hung about him. The quality of a woman's perfume and cosmetics, or the lack of them, may be revealing. The odors of disease require but little comment. Uremia, acetonemia, and sometimes intestinal obstruction all impart a characteristic quality to the breath of the patient. Clinicians of an older generation, lacking the diagnostic refinements of today, were obliged to rely more upon their senses, and I have heard them describe the smell of typhoid fever, smallpox, and other infectious diseases. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of these observations from my own experience.

Diagnosis — absolute or tentative — and a plan for further study or treatment thus crystallize from correlation of several components. The fundamental importance of a carefully detailed history seems too obvious for comment. Yet despite the emphasis placed upon it in curricula, and the recent renaissance of interest in the personal relationship between patient and physician, this art remains largely undeveloped among medical students and young physicians. A major hindrance to the procurement of a history in office and clinic practice is hurry. It is of prime importance that the patient be put at ease and be made to feel that he has plenty of time to tell his story to a sympathetic listener. It is admittedly sometimes difficult to reconcile such an attitude with the inevitable pressure of the day's work; but once this relationship is established, impressions of great value regarding the fundamental origin of the patient's complaints can often be obtained.

A careful history having been extracted and digested, those parts of the physical examination

which are dependent upon the examiner's vision, such as the patient's color, the ocular findings, the appearance of the skin, teeth, mouth, tongue, throat, and so forth, are completed by my assistant and I then proceed with my own part of the examination. After properly correlating the information thus obtained, I am able with the aid of a rather highly visual imagination to form an impression of the patient and his diagnostic problem, which is usually, I think, pretty close to that which would be gained by a sighted physician. It may be understood that I am obliged to depend more than the average internist upon the services of special consultants — the dermatologist, the ophthalmologist, the otolaryngologist, the electrocardiographer, and the fluoroscopist.

The personal relationship between the patient and the blind physician deserves some comment. I am sure that many persons who would otherwise have consulted me have not done so, many doubtless because they hesitate to entrust themselves to one who cannot see, and some perhaps because of an understandable Philistine complex which leads to the avoidance of affliction. Most of the patients who come to see me know that I am blind, and I see to it that the few who do not are soon tactfully made aware of the truth.

I have occasionally been amused by patients who were not aware of my visual handicap asking whether I would personally perform a recommended surgical operation. The situation once understood, there is very likely to develop a sympathetic relationship between the patient and myself, which I think is often deeper and stronger than that which exists between the ordinary doctor and his patient. There often follows a relaxation of mental reservation and a letting down of emotional barriers, a freedom of communication which is of inestimable value in many instances both to the patient and to me. This is of particular advantage in the recognition and management of the numerous functional and emotional disturbances which form so large and important a part of the practice of internal medicine. I have often thought that blindness might actually be at times an advantage to the psychiatrist. There are, I believe, a few blind psychiatrists practicing at this time; and while I have not had the privilege of discussing this point with any one of them, I trust that I may one day be able to do so.

Most of the teaching in which I engage consists of clinical lectures to undergraduate and graduate groups and bedside clinical conferences with small groups of undergraduate students. The preparation of lectures requires usually two to three hours for each hour of teaching and calls for the memorizing of a detailed outline. The problem of adjusting lectures to the passage of time has been solved by the use of a repeater watch or a Braille type watch. My bedside conferences are based largely on the

Socratic method and, as they consist largely of "spot" teaching, do not permit detailed preparation beyond a preliminary review of the general problem presented by the patient.

I am sometimes asked whether in my opinion a blind person could successfully complete the required courses in a modern medical school. I am sure that under present conditions this would be an impossibility. Notable among blind physicians in this country was the late Dr. Robert Babcock of Chicago, and in Ireland Dr. Moorhead of Dublin. However, with the exception of Babcock, all of the blind physicians with whose careers I am familiar suffered their loss of vision after completing their medical education. Babcock, who lost his vision in boyhood, completed his education while totally blind. His accomplishments are outstanding.

3

WHAT are the uses of my adversity? These may be catalogued as of the body, the mind, and the spirit. Chief among the physical advantages which have accrued to me I would place the development of my auditory sense. There is a widespread belief among the laity that the blind are likely to be endowed with a compensatory increase in acuteness of hearing. This is not true. There is, of course, no physiological reason why blindness should be followed by an increase in auditory acuity. From my own experience, however, I am convinced that, largely as a result of necessity, the blind are able to develop to a high degree their latent ability to interpret and orient the significance of sounds. One learns to do perforce what one must do.

A keen awareness of many of the details of the life which is going on around and about us is possible to those who know how to use their ears to interpret what they hear. Thus, as I sit dictating these lines in my bedroom on a quiet midsummer morning, I am aware of many things. From the kitchen I can hear and smell the pleasant preparations for lunch; in the upstairs sitting room I can hear the metallic snip of my mother's scissors as she mends the torn trousers of her oldest grandson; in the field behind the back hedge a carpenter is hammering away. A soft wet wind laden with the promise of rain gently stirs the elm trees in the front yard. The milkman's electric truck whirs to a quiet stop in front of the house; I hear him dismount, and, rattling his bottles, walk up the gravel drive toward the kitchen door. A family of robins quarrel noisily in the garden; overhead hangs a crow with raucous irritated cries. Across the street the neighbor's children scold their dachshund; and from the distant highway comes the muffled interrupted roar of the midmorning traffic's strain.

I have learned to distinguish the individual characteristics of voices and speech which permit me to identify most of my friends after only a few

words have been spoken. Aided by occasional brief descriptions of scene and action, I am able quite readily to follow plays on the stage or screen from dialogue alone. One minor accomplishment has interested me a good deal. I am somehow able to detect the proximity of a wall when I get within two or three feet of it. The most obvious explanation lies in the variation of reflected sound. Yet I have on occasion been able to make such identification in the absence of sources of such sound.

The development of two qualities of the mind — a visual imagination and a photographic and retentive memory — has likewise been a boon. After twelve sightless years I am still able to see vividly in my mind the physical characteristics and spatial relationships of any place or room with which I was reasonably familiar during my sighted life. Likewise, with the aid of a graphic, concise, and intelligent description (a function in which my wife has been of tremendous assistance), a permanent photographic impression of new rooms or places is stamped somewhere upon my cerebral cortex to be filed away and used at the proper time. My memory, always sharply photographic and retentive, has served me well in many ways, but particularly in the recollection of details concerning patients and medical literature, and in the memorizing of data for presentation during lectures or clinical papers.

There is, of course, a definite and important relationship between the age at which sight is lost and the capacity to develop such physical and mental qualities as I have briefly outlined. The congenitally blind or those becoming so during early childhood have the opportunity to develop their extravisual perceptive functions during the age when aptitude for learning is greatest. I must confess that I sometimes take refuge in such facts when I compare my feeble accomplishments with those of Helen Keller, Alec Templeton, Robert Babcock, Woolley, the biological chemist, or Burgess, the naval architect.

Those qualities of the spirit which have grown because of my handicap are difficult to put into words. Perhaps I may best describe them as an orientation — putting the eternal verities into proper perspective — the acquisition of humility and of compassion for mankind, and a deepening of my conviction concerning the existence and omnipotence of God. As I sit quietly in the greenish shimmering gloom, the greed and cruelty of man recede and assume their proper place, and I sometimes fancy that I can see the brooding love and compassion upon the Eternal Face. Then I know somehow that we are all placed here for a great purpose and that we must struggle to contribute something, however small, to the common good.

One of my most priceless gifts has been a strengthening of the roots of my old friendships. This growth, made tangible in a hundred kind and simple ways, I feel about me as a warm effulgent glow which lights the vista of the years ahead. Nor do such radiations emanate from old friendships alone. There seems an added warmth, a kind of tacit fellowship, in my relations with almost everyone I meet.

Honesty and fairness require an examination of both sides of the coin. What of the rough spots along the road, the stones that bruise the heel and the quag that mires the weary foot? Foremost among these is a feeling of helplessness or dependence upon others which I suppose besets all who are blind. Stemming from this is a recurrent self-reproach that I have not made an adequate mental, emotional, and social adjustment. My self-consciousness and embarrassment at people's recognition of and pity for my handicap have largely faded with the passage of time, but awkward situations which require tact and self-control still arise in public places or among crowds. Insufficient exercise and the resultant insomnia are annoying physical problems. I have become hypersensitive to noise. Though automatically on guard, I manage to collect my share of tibial, frontal, and nasal bruises and cuts. I have been fortunate in escaping serious physical injury, but the edge of an open door remains one of my major hazards.

Despite my best efforts to attain a serenity of spirit I am given to outbursts of irritability and to moods of depression during which those I love are most likely to suffer. I own too that I have not been able entirely to overcome my aversion to those people whose efforts at patronizing kindness conceal but poorly the blend of smug pity and repugnance which lies beneath. Greatly to be cherished is the friend who keeps his pity buried deep and whose kindness is seasoned with the tang of humor and of wit. A sense of humor is of great therapeutic value to the sightless; Thurber and the *New Yorker* are excellent substitutes for an appointment with a psychiatrist.

When I consider my situation after twelve years of blindness, I realize that I have much for which to be thankful, blessed as I am with all the benefits of love and friendship and with a reasonable degree of economic and academic security (our sons are well on their way through college), and absorbed as I am in congenial work for which I am fitted. Those who may someday stand where I am standing will know, as I do, that these things are above price: love, the privilege of work, and the faith that shines behind the shadow.

Agents

It is inevitable that RAYMOND CHANDLER, *who has written pungently for the Atlantic on many subjects, would have some lively opinions on the function of the literary agent. Journalist, screen writer, and novelist, Mr. Chandler speaks from long professional experience. He is widely known as the creator of Philip Marlowe, the indestructible hero of The Big Sleep, Farewell, My Lovely, and countless radio programs, and he is one of the most accomplished dialogue writers of the films.*

TEN PER CENT OF YOUR LIFE

by RAYMOND CHANDLER

1

AMONG all those quasi-professional businesses which like to refer to their customers as clients the business of literary agenting is probably the most enduring and the most adhesive. Technically, you can fire your agent; it is a sticky operation, but a determined man can achieve it. It really ends nothing. Years after you speak to him you will, if you are a writer for publication, be finding mud tracks across the carpet. He will have been there in the night doing what he calls "representing" you, and you will wake up in the morning with that tired feeling as if a Doberman pinscher had been sleeping on your chest. It was probably only a little old foreign book royalty that he nibbled at, a trivial matter in dollars and cents. But the nibbling goes on forever. Long after your agent has been gathered to his fathers, you may be paying commissions to his estate on some transaction with which he had hardly any contact, something purely automatic that arose out of something else long before.

There is nothing wrong with this. It is the way the agent gets his pay. But writers as a class are apt to be a cantankerous and not particularly lovable set of people; they have the egotism of actors without either the good looks or the charm. However much they are paid, they never think they are paid enough. They resent it that other people make money out of the work they, the writers, do alone and unaided. The agent creates for himself a vested interest in a writer's entire professional career. However much you pay him, he is never paid off. He may collect a very large amount of money for what is essentially a very routine service. And of course you forget all that he does for which he receives no payment at all. What really galls you on the raw is not how much commission the agent collects, but that the account is never closed. The agent never receipts his bill, puts his hat on and bows himself out. He stays around forever, not only for as long as you can write anything that anyone will buy, but as long as anyone will buy any portion of any right to

anything that you ever did write. He just takes ten per cent of your life.

Perhaps the sensible thing is to get it over with and admit that throughout the history of commercial life nobody has ever quite liked the commission man. His function is too vague, his presence always seems one too many, his profit looks too easy, and even when you admit that he has a necessary function, you feel that this function is, as it were, a personification of something that in an ethical society would not need to exist. If people could deal with one another honestly, they would not need agents. The agent creates nothing, he manufactures nothing, he distributes nothing. All he does is cut himself a slice off the top. Possibly there are agents who dislike the commission method of payment as much as the most contentious writer, and would gladly change it into something else, if there were anything else to change it into. The writing profession itself is far too speculative and uncertain to permit of any system of fixed fees for the selling of its products. The struggling writer simply wouldn't have the money to pay the bill, and the successful one would very rapidly become aware that what he was charged was more nearly determined by the size of his income than by the amount of time and effort that went into the service rendered to him. That is obviously true of professions much more strictly administered than agency. Furthermore, the agent did not invent the percentage method of payment, nor does he monopolize it. He has a lot of company, including various taxing authorities and including the writer himself if he is a writer of books, since royalties are merely commissions by another name.

Perhaps the three most valuable attributes of an agent are his emotional detachment from a very emotional profession, his ability to organize the bargaining power of his clients, and his management of the business side of a writer's career. As to the first of these, I do not suggest that the agent is callous or hard-boiled, but merely that he is, and has to be, realistic in a thoroughly commercial

sense. If you do a bad job, he will not tell you it is good; he will merely suggest its badness in the nicest possible way.

Next, the agent creates and maintains a competitive atmosphere without which the prices paid for literary material would be a mere fraction of what they are today. In Hollywood, where this is carried to its extreme limits, literary material is offered simultaneously to the entire market, and an offer received from one prospective purchaser is immediately used as a basis for needling all the others. The New York literary agent has not carried the system this far; the book and magazine publishers still insist that what is offered to them for sale, while they consider it, shall for the time being be offered to no one else. The rule is not absolute; there are various genteel ways of evading it without causing too much acrimony. The more powerful the magazine, the more rigidly it can enforce the rule. But however rigidly it is enforced, the editor considering material submitted by an agent is aware that the agent knows the going price; the editor's offer must come within trading distance of this, or the material will be withdrawn. The agent knows how to say no without slamming the door. He can take risks, because his risks are averaged. And if, as I suppose occasionally happens, he loses a sale by pressing too hard, the client will never know why he lost it. There will always be another reason.

2

THE truly commanding reason for any writer to deal through an agent nowadays is the enormous complexity of the literary business. A writer operating alone, even with the assistance of a secretary, would be so snowed under by correspondence and paper work, filing and digesting contracts, so confused by the ramifications of copyright, that either he wouldn't know where he stood or he wouldn't have any time left for writing. Many very successful writers have only the foggiest notion of what, legally and contractually speaking, has happened to the products of their brains. They don't know the elements of the financial side of their business. They don't know what they own, what they have sold, whom they have sold it to, nor on what terms, nor when the payments are due, nor whether in fact payments that are past due have been received. They trust their agents to look after all that and take what their agents send them without scrutiny or mistrust.

Such people would be very easy to swindle, and it is a high tribute to the agency profession that with so many suckers to deal with, so few agents have ever been caught doing anything dishonest. If the ethical standards of agency are declining, and I think they are, and I think it is inevitable that they should, it is remarkable that their dollars-and-cents honesty in dealing with their clients has so

seldom been attacked. The decline I mentioned is not a question of individuals stealing money, but of something in the nature of a personal service profession turning into a hard-boiled business, and a pretty big business at that.

The old-line literary agent still exists, but he is slipping. He was a pretty useful fellow. In addition to his obvious functions of knowing markets and prices and having the tenacity to go through a long list of them before giving up, he acted as a clearing house for information. He was a postoffice, and he was a buffer. He guarded the writer in many matters of detail in connection with contracts and the sale of subsidiary rights. He gave fairly sound business advice. In those somewhat rare cases where he had the ability to recognize quality beyond mere salability, he encouraged and helped the writer to improve himself in his profession. If he made mistakes, they were usually not too costly, because his operations, taken one at a time, were rather modest. As a Hollywood operator of my acquaintance put it, "Those boys bring their lunch." The literary agent collected money, forwarded royalty reports, and kept the writer's affairs in some kind of order. Most writers were quite satisfied with this service.

This kind of agent, if I may say so without rancor, had inevitable faults, some of which were the price of his virtues. He was always persuading his writers to adapt themselves to the big smooth-paper magazines in which a few genuine talents have survived but far more have perished. The reason was not discreditable, since the agent had no security of tenure and demanded no contract for a term of years. If he wished to make money out of you, he would naturally try to channel your talents into the most immediately lucrative field. It would have been unfair to expect him to realize that this was not in the long run the most lucrative field for every writer. If he did realize this, the agent had no guarantee that he would be around when the long run paid off. He read himself half blind in a search for salable material and for talent which he might with good luck build into a money-making capacity; at which point some Hollywood agent would be very apt to steal it from him.

Another of his faults was that he took in rather too much territory. He demanded the right to represent you in fields which he did not understand and could not properly cover: motion picture, radio, television, the stage, and the lecture platform. In these he would make split-commission deals with specialists where he had to, but he would rather not, because he needed the money. When he did make split-commission deals, he was apt to select a second-rate practitioner not powerful enough to steal his client. This could, and did, result in serious mishandling of his client's interest. But against his faults must be set one commanding virtue: he spent a large part of his time and effort

in the service of unknowns whose aggregate commissions would not pay his office rent. And he did so in the sure and certain knowledge that if and when they became known and successful, they were quite likely to slam the door in his face without so much as a thank you.

This type of agent has gradually been driven towards the fringes of his profession because of the same complexities which forced the working writer to have an agent in the first place. If the agent has the resource and ability to avoid this fate, he will be forced into a much more elaborate organization, and into a system of alliances with the high pressure specialists who operate in the other media to which writers contribute either directly or by the adaptation of their material to other forms. To stay even with these boys, the agent has to spend money and look as if he had it to spend. He has to have competent help and adequate space in a good office building. His life becomes expensive. His long distance telephone bills cost him as much as his entire overhead used to cost. And as his overhead rises, his availability to new or unknown writers decreases. He can still recognize talent without a name, but it takes an awful lot of it to convince him that he can afford the slow, expensive toil of a build-up. He will still, for sound reasons, handle a prestige writer who isn't making much money. But if you are just a promising beginner scratching a meager living from the tired soil, he will send you a polite note of regret. He can afford to wait until you have made a name, because when you do you will have to come to him anyway.

So, whether he likes it or not, the beginner will be forced to accept the services of a small agent as unsure and almost as uninformed as himself. Or he may even fall into the clutches of one of those racketeers of hope, calling themselves agents, whose real income is from reading fees and from such charges as they can impose on their "clients" for editing and revising work which any reputable commission man would know in the beginning to be hopeless.

The point about the small agent who is genuinely an agent is precisely that he is small. You take him only because you cannot get someone bigger and better. You know it, and he knows it. You will stay with him only as long as you cannot do better, and he will keep you as a client only as long as you are unimportant. There is no loyalty because there is no permanence. From the first your relationship with him will be ambiguous. And yet in later years, if you are what is known as successful, you may look back on this small agent with a touch of nostalgia. He was a simple fellow, insecure like yourself. A twenty dollar commission meant a lot to him, because he needed the money, and he couldn't afford to take chances. That story he sold to a pulp magazine might, with a little careful polishing, have made *Cosmopolitan* or *Red Book*.

But the big market was a gamble, and here was a pulp magazine with money in its hand, and the agent's secretary bothering him for something on account of her overdue salary.

You didn't blame him and wouldn't have, even if you had known what was in his mind. You needed the money too. Besides, you rather liked the guy. More often than not he typed his own letters, just as you had to, and they were nice warm encouraging letters. In a simpler world you and he might have been good friends. But of course he could never have got you that deal with MGM.

3

THIS brings me, not too eagerly, to the orchid of the profession — the Hollywood agent — a sharper, shrewder, and a good deal less scrupulous practitioner. Here is a guy who really makes with the personality. He dresses well and drives a Cadillac — or someone drives it for him. He has an estate in Beverly Hills or Bel-Air. He has been known to own a yacht, and by yacht I don't mean a cabin cruiser. On the surface he has a good deal of charm, because he needs it in his business. Underneath he has a heart as big as an olive pit. He deals with large sums of money. His expenses are tremendous. He will buy you a meal at Romanoff's or Chasen's with no more hesitation than is necessary for him to tot up the commissions he has made out of you in the last six months. He controls expensive talent, since with rare exceptions he is not exclusively an agent for writers. This gives him prestige in dealing with people who are starved for talent in spite of having a great deal of money to buy it with.

He is rough and tough and he doesn't care who knows it. He may think up an entirely new kind of deal and put it over in the face of great opposition. He will seldom make a bad deal for fear of not making any deal at all. His prestige as a negotiator is at stake, and he is not moved by the consideration of earning a commission to the extent that he will allow himself to be beaten in a trade. He operates in a hard world.

The Hollywood agent pays a big price for his ability and toughness as a trader. He is a huckster of talent, but talent as such he seldom respects or even understands. He is concerned solely with its market value. Quality does not interest him, only the price tag. Even within the narrow limits of his own activities, he cannot tell the good from the bad, merely the expensive from the cheap. He scurries around the studios and the restaurants and the night clubs, his ears reaching for gossip and his eyes always restlessly seeking some new or important face. It is a part of his business to know what is going on, since many of his most successful operations have depended on a piece of inside information which was in effect nothing more than back-stairs

gossip. If a studio wants to buy something, he must know why and for what purpose and on whose instructions, and whether the front office negotiator has a blank check or has been ordered not to purchase unless purchase is cheap.

No writer operating in his own interest could deal with this situation, even if the structure of the motion picture industry would allow him to, which it will not, because in Hollywood deals are made by word of mouth even though the elaborate contracts which embody them may take weeks to write. When made they must be final, although legally either party can withdraw up to the moment the contract is signed. To achieve finality the reputation and word of an agent must be involved. In the lush days of Hollywood there is no question but that many agents made far too much money. Ten per cent on the sale of a piece of literary property might be fair enough, but ten per cent of the salary earned during a seven-year employment contract came pretty close to larceny.

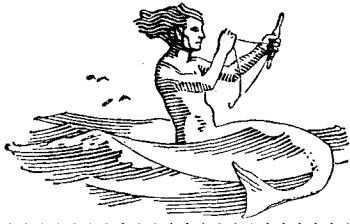
Since the same hard-boiled way of doing things prevailed in radio and prevails now in television, it was only natural that the once personal, kindly, and intimate relationship between an author and his commission man became a question of dealing more or less at arm's length with someone you never entirely trusted and often did not trust at all. The fat profits to be made in Hollywood and in radio brought a new kind of operator into the business — a sharpshooter with few scruples, whose activities spread over the whole field of entertainment. The law allowed him to incorporate, which, in my opinion, was a fatal mistake. It destroyed all semblance of the professional attitude and the professional responsibility to the individual client. It permitted a variety of subtle maneuvers whereby the agent could make a great deal more money after taxes, and it allowed him to slide, almost unobserved, into businesses which had nothing to do with agency. He could create packaging corporations which delivered complete shows to the networks or the advertising agencies, and he loaded them with talent which, sometimes under another corporate name, he represented as an agent. He took his commission for getting you a job, and then he sold the job itself for an additional profit. Sometimes you knew about this, sometimes you didn't. In any case the essential point was that this operator was no longer an agent except in name. His clients and their work became the raw material of a speculative business. He wasn't working for you, you were working for him. Sometimes he even became your employer and paid you a salary which he called an advance on future commissions. The agency part of his operations was still the basic ingredient, since without control of talent, he had no bricks to build his wall, but the individual meant nothing to him. The individual was just merchandise, and the "representing" of

the individual was little more than a department of an entertainment trust — a congeries of powerful organizations which existed solely to exploit the commercial value of talent in every possible direction and with the utmost possible disregard for artistic or intellectual values.

Such trusts, and it is fair to call them that regardless of whether they meet an exact legal definition, cover the whole field of entertainment. Their clients include actors, singers, dancers, mouth organ players, trainers of chimpanzees and performing dogs, people who ride horses over cliffs or jump out of burning buildings, motion picture directors and producers, musical composers, and writers in every medium including those quaint old-fashioned productions known as books. These organizations maintain publicity departments, travel bureaus, hotel reservation facilities, and for a small additional commission (or perhaps for none if you are important enough to them) they will manage your private business affairs, keep your books, make out your income tax returns, and get you your next divorce. Of course you don't have to become their client, but the inducements are glittering. And if they reduce you to a robot, as eventually they will, they will usually be very pleasant about it, because they can always afford to employ well-dressed young men who smile and smile.

Old-line New York literary agents can hardly look forward with pleasure to the prospect of becoming department managers in some big, impersonal industry whose only motivating force is the fast buck. They have been for the most part serious and reputable people. Nevertheless, they have to eat, and preferably high on the joint where the meat is tasty. To do this, they must deal with the entertainment industry and with the talent trusts that feed it. And you can't deal with sharpers without becoming a little of a sharper yourself. The more distinguished practitioners may be able to keep their independence for a time; they may still deal scrupulously with their clients as individuals; they may still be the spark of successful and even distinguished literary careers. But the talent trusts are snapping at their heels in greed for commissions and in their desire for the control and manipulation of every ingredient that the increasingly vast entertainment industry must use. Where the money is, there will the jackals gather, and where the jackals gather something usually dies.

Probably the literary agents do not agree with my gloom. Having dealt in the past on fairly level terms with the big publishing combines and with the predatory but always uncertain and bewildered moguls of Hollywood, they think they can still deal on level terms with any and all concentrations of power. Naturally, I hope the agents are right. I pray they may be right. Any working writer who does otherwise is either an imbecile or already corrupted beyond repair.



An Atlantic Story



JACK TENNISON sold his first short story to the old *Youth's Companion*. "The check," he writes, "was fifteen dollars, and this created some commotion in Company I, Volunteer Infantry, 1898." Since then his stories have brought him an O. Henry Memorial Prize; and one of his novels, *The Day of Souls*, a story of pre-earthquake San Francisco, was called by Damon Runyon "the best, truest thing ever written about the city that was."

THE BUFFALO WALLOW

by JACK TENNISON

ELLIS beat me to the warmest place in the soddy, behind the cookstove against the wall. He was bigger than I was and fat. I was little and skinny, but before I could squirm past Earl, our cowhand, who had his feet in the oven, and Uncle Lige, who stood at the front warming his hands over the cracked lids, Ellis was in the woodbox, which had never held any wood since it came from Wisconsin to Central Nebraska thirteen years before in the covered wagon, Californy bound.

The year, '81. I was eight. My cousin Ellis, two years older, had to twist the hay for the cookstove as kindling, and I shoved big ears of yellow corn on this for fuel. Not a stick of wood in this prairie country big enough to make an arrow if a boy wanted to play bow'n arrow. No coal either since the big February blizzard snowed the land in.

The soddy was a one-room house, table and stove at one end; and across the other was a sheeting partition behind which Uncle Lige and Aunt Effie slept. Lige never got out of bed without his long legs tangling this wall, and Effie's opinion of farmers and cowhands was awful to hear.

Some mornings Earl came into the clapboard lean-to, where Ellis and I slept, with a lantern. Our outer bed covering was an old buffalo skin with the hair half worn off. Blizzard days fine hard snow rattled through the warped clapboards, and when we got up we shoved a powdery drift from our chins and slid out upon the frozen dirt floor. Earl would be sawing meat from a frozen carcass which hung by the end of our bed. He'd start at the rump, and by spring was sawing close to the critter's ears. The first thing a child saw on a cold

winter morning was the red insides of a dead cow. But Ellis and I grabbed frozen boots and raced for the soddy. First there got the warmest spot and piled his boots on the stove lids to thaw them softer. No chance at the oven. Menfolks always grabbed that.

Aunt Effie was trying to get near her stove with a pan of sody biscuits. She said: "You menfolks back from that stove. Get your hoofs out o' that oven, Earl! Lands, a body can't make a batch o' cookies without 'em tastin' o' ol' wool socks an' wet boots. Hustle that fire, Chick. Lige, don't put the fire out with that snow droppin' from your whiskers!"

Uncle Lige gazed dreamily out the one small window which Ellis and I had shoveled from the drifts. Lige said: "Well, sir, icicles drippin' spring's here, an' I aim to break that West Eighty. Yes, sir, Bobbec — last dang prairie on this ranch. Farm now — no dang ranch."

Earl felt so bad he went out and gazed south towards Texas where cows were still cows. Ellis and I felt no better.

"Corn," Lige smiled still dreamily. "First break-in' corn. You boys big enough to help now. Ellis can jab holes in that sod and Chick can drap seeds. An' if Earl stays as a hand —"

Effie slammed the oven door, which hung on a barbed-wire hinge. "Ain't critters enough now for a cow rider. Earl's just like the other hands we keep winters. Board 'em for chores. Come spring an' they vamoose."

"Chores!" I yelled. "Cow fellers don't do chores. Ellis an' me do all the chores. Earl claims it hurts his hands to milk."

Ellis and I looked out across the snow-buried West Eighty. If Lige plowed that prairie he'd ruin the whole summer for us.

Hidden far out there in the grass was the old Buffalo Waller, and what a hangout for boys in a treeless land! The Waller was the shallow pit gouged out of the prairie by uncounted generations of buffalo as they rubbed their itchy backs on the under-sand. Forty feet across and six feet deep in one spot. Around the rim grew wild bluestem and buffalo grass, and the little pink wild roses in spring. Under the sod rim we had dug tunnels for shelter from the fierce July sun and for hide-outs for all the plunder we hooked from the ranch. Nobody cared. It was all broken useless stuff. Frayed lariats, worn-out bridles, pieces of strap and trace chain.

And guns! The only playthings we ever had were guns. Useless guns. A six-shooter with no trigger, a muzzle-loading shotgun with the breech blown out. A Civil War musket which my dad had given me along with a gray Johnny Reb cap when he went off to Mexico to fight some more, not having had enough with Sherman for four years it seemed. My mother had died, and he dumped me, aged three, on Aunt Effie's lap. Well, sir, Bobbee, I had the only gun that would shoot — except it was longer than I was and an awful kicker. And I could hardly lift it. Then the beautiful old Kentucky rifle, with octagon barrel, silver inlay in the polished walnut stock, too heavy for both of us. But it wouldn't shoot. We had no flints for the powder pan rusted to the vent, and a ramrod had been broken off in the muzzle, likely in Boone's day. Nobody knew. The relic had come down in Effie's family from her folks back East. Back East was some awful place beyond the sunrise which Ellis and I hated. Back East was where the Mortgage came from. We heard a lot about the Mortgage. Effie used it to scare us into garden work, and it was something for Lige to swear at.

2

FROM the end of one year to the next autumn we didn't travel ten miles from the ranch but in November Ellis and I would be taken to town, with Effie bundled on the floor of the wagon, to get boots, and Lige to pay Int'rurst on the Mortgage. We were always scared; Effie said if Lige didn't have enough money we wouldn't get boots and the Mortgage would run us out of house and home. Lige said them dang New Yorkers were at the bottom of this. He said them New Yorkers didn't work. All they did was to walk up and down a big street all day wearing plug hats and collecting Int'rurst from pore fellers out West.

Town consisted of a grain elevator, a stock-loading chute, two saloons, and the store, a dark place smelling of leather. We hated that place, too, for

out of it we stumbled in new high stiff boots with copper toes, after months of freedom, barefooted in the prairie grass. With boots you had to start school over the frozen road ruts. Boots never seemed warm or dry; but in spring you'd slash the insteps out and be free, for a day would come when you couldn't get swollen feet out of them. Freedom then! Frosty mornings you chased a cow up and warmed feet by squatting in the spot where she had bedded.

Spring was fine also because then you quit school. Let Teacher holler; she couldn't catch you. Effie would jaw some but we'd show a vast interest in her new garden and ride fence with the wire-stretcher to mend the places where the last range stock had shoved through into Lige's newly planted corn. Lige said if he knew which were his he'd ride over to the last prairie sections and shoot them, but they weren't worth skinning. He said ranching had busted him up; no more dang cows for him except milk critters.

Ellis said: "Just give us some powder for the muskit an' Chick an' me will ride Ol' Tops an' Jewel out there an' chase them steers to Texas."

"You boys stay away from them mean critters," Lige warned. "An' you been hookin' powder an' shot off me; an' what you been doin' to Earl's ca'tridges? They won't shoot none, the pore feller says."

We knew. If Earl and some other cowhand picked up in a barroom came home drunk and snoozed it off in Earl's straw-covered bunk shack, we got busy with their ammunition. Take the shells out of their forty-fives, and hidden in the Buffalo Waller, we'd twist the bullets free. Empty the powder into our bottle, fill the shell with sand, and crimp the bullet back in. Take the six-shooter back and stick it in the victim's holster.

Then, some fine morning the cowpoke would want target practice on a post owl or jack rabbit. Pull trigger, snap the caps vainly, and then swear — at the hardware man who sold him his ca'tridges. If the poor lads had ever examined their shells they'd have seen the tampering. But they never did. Ellis and I concluded that cowhands didn't have much sense.

When Earl came home some drunk, he'd give us a dime to sneak some grub out of the soddy without Effie knowing it. But she always did. My little, sharp-eyed aunt! She ran things as much as she could — and better than menfolks at that. Good old Lige, tall and grizzled and hairy of ears, lost in his dream of a big farm someday — if he didn't pull out for California where he'd headed for once, but a horse died and he and Effie squatted right here, homesteaded, timber-claimed, and bought virgin prairie.

Ellis and I learned much from our various cowhands but we didn't mention this learning to Effie.

Somehow she'd find out. Once I overheard her

say to Lige: "Them boys been hookin' a drink outa Earl's bottle. Land, what next? I saw Chick stealin' powder out your flask to take out to the Waller an' fight Indians. They're gettin' tough."

"Well, this ain't no place for a boy if he can't tough up. They got to have powder an' lead fer their muskit, so I don't say nothin'. Just hope they don't blow themselves up."

3

THE ancient Buffalo Waller was the center of our life. Down in it you were out of sight. Over us meadow larks sang sweetly, the red-winged black-birds darted; and high above in the cloudless blue long angles of ducks and geese headed north, and from higher still, almost invisible, came the faint cries of the sandhill cranes. They never ravaged Lige's newly planted corn as the geese did. We rode out to chase them from the fields and hunted them at sunset. Game laws were never heard of but game was safe from us. I was too little to aim the muskit, so Ellis dragged it through muddy sloughs while the millions of ducks and geese watched interestedly. Then took off with scornful clamor when we neared. We came home wet, cold, and subdued. Someday we'd show them durn ducks. And one dusk I was dragging the muskit home alone when a mighty cloud of teal went over. I jammed the butt of the muskit in the mud, the muzzle skyward, shut my eyes, and pulled the trigger. The gun jumped out of my hands, but down came a bluewing! What a thrill when you're eight!

I grabbed the duck and ran yelling to the soddy. Nobody would believe I shot a duck. I couldn't aim that gun. Ellis had never yet hit anything with the muskit no matter how much stolen powder and slugs he crammed down her. Effie wouldn't cook my duck. Too little for four folks, and anyhow it must have dropped dead with heart trouble. The next day I lugged it to the Waller and roasted it on a ramrod over a grass fire. Ellis took a big chunk. But he wouldn't eat the little snake I baked likewise.

Before we quit school a boy from south section said that Earl had passed his place one morning riding his pinto and dragging his pack horse with pots and pans clattering against his blanket roll. And swearing at his third cayuse for tagging along when he didn't want it.

We didn't know our cowhand had quit us. Effie said: "Soon's them cow fellers smell farm work they light out for Texas or some place."

We chored hard hoping to divert Lige's mind from that prairie Eighty. We burned the dried grass off the top and sides of the soddy so new pretty grass and weeds could sprout. Lige had started his rusty checkcrafter to plant the North Eighty. From the Waller we heard the faint clickity-click, and sometimes we'd go follow Lige around, making

him talk, anything to delay the man on his spring work so he wouldn't start first breakin' on our last prairie. Lige would stop corn planting, take a chew, and tell us more about the Mortgage and them dang Plug Hat New Yorkers. He said New York was a hell of a place. You had to have some kind of card before you could go hunting. And if you wanted to shoot somebody you had to get a permit from the sheriff. We stared hard at the level skyline. Back East must be an awful place. I couldn't imagine how boys lived there. I thought all boys lived as we did. We never confided in grownups, and they didn't pay much attention to us. If we never complained about anything then they couldn't meddle. That was exactly what we wanted. No preachin', no doctorin', no askin' Did it hurt? or How you feel?

Effie said in some lands folks didn't get enough to eat. We didn't believe it. We saw the rotting mounds of grain in the spring, the gorging cattle fighting around it, all the chickens roosting around and laying eggs everywhere in season; and all the cabbage, potatoes, turnips, buried in the pits and rotting when the snows melted, all the beef and pork kept frozen until it summer-spoiled — and then more critters would be butchered, and all the meat we couldn't use given away to folks who'd ride in for butchering day — and Ellis and I didn't believe that Chinee boys or anybody could go hungry as Lige read in the *County Republican* — when he could get a copy.

Earl hadn't been gone a week before his third cayuse came back, the useless outlaw he didn't want. Cowhands in those days were not romantics or hero-minded. They thought a man was crazy trying to gentle a mean horse when you had good ones.

Now Ellis and I had a cow pony! A shaggy, walleyed potbellied critter, hanging again around the corn piles. Lige said let the durn sorry fool kill himself eating, but Ellis and I had large visions of roping and bucking and swearing like men.

We spent a week figuring how to gentle that pony. First catch him, of course. We laid lariats around the fodder corn pile and hid along the corral wire. For days all we got was mean looks; and then, one morning he jerked up a mouthful and the rope went over his ears! We yelled and jerked, he bucked and jumped. He dragged us through mudholes and loose wires until the noose got his wind. He fell over popeyed. We were cut and sprained, all three of us half dead.

Ellis got his breath. "Go git your saddle. It's no good anyhow if he acts bad."

I got my relic, which had no stirrups, no horn, no leather on the seat. I rode a mess of wood splinters and old hair rubbed off the work horses we used fence riding. But now a real cow pony.

We kept him choked close to the lariat pin. Ellis gave him a little air when he strangled too

much. He didn't seem to have the strength of a cat. We got the saddle over his bony spine and worked the cinch down under and around his belly. He opened his mouth to gasp and Ellis got the bit between his teeth when he lost consciousness again. Ellis said: "Let the bugger up. You git first ride, for it's your saddle."

"Who? Me first?" I got the rope off his neck and a soothing hand to his nose. He heaved a mighty sigh and stood up tottering. I put a hand on the saddle and then to his shaggy neck. Then he started. I'd never heard of a rodeo but this critter knew the business. He bucked, spraddled, and wiggled. He rose on his hind legs and came down close to Ellis's ears. Ellis fled and the bridle jerked off our mustang's nose. The critter was mad. He made a sideswipe that knocked me back into the barbed wire, and then started. Down the ruddy road, faster and faster — south.

"Now see what you gone an' done!" Ellis yelled. "Got your saddle too! Why didn't you hop on him?"

"Who? Me? Look at him scoot. Wish I was on him. Headed for Texas, I bet. I'd sure see Texas."

"What you want Texas for? Just a lot o' cows an' ain't we all cut an' jerked sore milkin' an' fightin' 'em now?"

We never saw our cow horse again. Bound for Texas with a saddle on his back.

Ellis and I limped about for a week, rope galls and barbed-wire slashes hidden from Effie. Lige grinned and said nothing. He always figured we were in some devilment and should get out of it on our own hook. He was plowing his old fields, and we had great hopes that he'd forgotten his first breakin' on the prairie Eighty.

Ellis came to me one day: "There's a wagon man campin' by the corral, an' he's got a bobtailed dog. What he calls a screwtail terrier. He says we ought to make all our pups stylish like his with bobtails. Want to try it?"

"Sure. We'll cut their tails off."

"Naw. That makes 'em runty he says. You got to chaw tails off, kind of a side-windin' jerk, to make good screwtail pups."

"Well, we'll take that best pup out to the Waller an' fix him stylish. We got to clean the Waller, anyhow. That dang dead cow's got her ears up again. Rain's washin' her clear out."

That cow had been a housekeeping problem two summers. She'd blizzard-drifted into our fort, died, and buried in snow until it melted. We couldn't drag her out, so we tried to bury her. Dug with hands and sticks and a broken spade and got sand over her at last.

But she wouldn't stay in her grave. She swelled and smelled free every big rain. This second summer she didn't smell so strong but Effie said we did. She said between boys and dogs she was in a state o' mind. Our dogs roamed far, dining on winter-dead

cattle. Our poor starved dogs! All they had to live on was beefsteak and pork ribs, liver, side meat, white bread, sody biscuits and chicken gravy.

We carried the best pup out to the Waller the next day. He looked suspiciously back for his mammy when I straddled him. Ellis seemed suspicious too. I yelled for him to chaw that tail before the pup squirmed. He just took a little nibble but the pup yelled some. I said: "That ain't no good. Lemme get a chaw."

"Sure. Give it kind of a twisty chaw the feller said, to make a screwtail. Give him a sidewinder like."

I took a good deep chaw, my mouth full of hair. The pup screamed murder, fought from under me and headed home. Ellis said: "Now see what you gone an' done. Hear him yelp! Where's his tail if you chawed it off?"

"I dunno. Mebbe I swallered it. There was hair on somethin'."

"You're a dang liar! I see his tail wavin' right now!"

When that pup saw me again he went to a gopher hole, stuck his tail in it, and sat down firmly. Grew to be a fine old hound but he never trusted me all his life.

4

SPRING was warming up. The little clear-water pools in the prairie grass, reflecting the pink wild roses, were drying. But the red-winged blackbirds teetered on the reeds, the meadow larks sang sweetly, the jack rabbits played at sunset, and the big black and yellow bumblebees built tough paper nests at the grass roots; and we got badly stung up trying to get their black strong honey. Everything was as in other springs, so we hoped. Maybe there'd be no first breakin' of the ancient sod; maybe Lige was sparing our last prairie from the plow.

We worked more than boys should trying to please the folks. Lige had us riding out to chase the last duck flights from his sprouting corn. We helped Effie make soft soap, churn the butter, weed the garden, and chase the chickens from it. So many hens laying out everywhere that eggs were a nuisance.

When a black dust storm came out of the Southwest in the spring drouth and blew all of Lige's wheat out of his fields before it got well sprouted, Ellis and I were jubilant. If he had to replant he'd never break the last prairie.

When rains came Lige's wheat sprouted in his cornfields, in the ruddy road, everywhere except where he'd planted it. Lige just grinned; he'd planted too much land anyhow maybe.

This looked hopeful to us. But one day I saw Ellis running through the row of little cottonwoods which would be the windbreak on the blizzard side

of the house. He yelled wildly at me. "He's doin' it! Got his plow in the West Eighty, an' singin' fit to kill! Chick, you do somethin' quick, stop him!"

I followed out through the windbreak and stared west. Right by our feet across the road line a black furrow began and ran out through the virgin prairie. A beautiful, first breakin' furrow, maybe; not a clod in it, just a long black ribbon held firm by the tough grass roots. The ancient sod which had never been stirred in its million years under the sun and snows. The little pink roses and the clear-water pools of spring were gone but a meadow lark called from waist-high grass and striped gophers frolicked before us. But they wouldn't stay there now. They wouldn't have their ancient home and they wouldn't stay in the muddy cornfields. When the prairie was gone the last wild things would go too.

Ellis and I didn't talk. It took a long time for Lige's rollin' cutter plow to round a "land" and come back to the first furrow. But in the silence we heard the distant clank of trace chains, then the panting of the team and the soft hiss of the cutter slicing the sod. I saw Jewel's ears and then Lige's old gray hat. The plow came slowly along and stopped.

Ellis turned away staring down the black furrow far as he could see it in the grass. Ellis's pa saw that. He addressed himself to me, grinning: "Hi, young feller! You never saw such a first breakin' furrow afore, did you? Not a crack in it. Now that's tough ol' prairie, ain't it?"

"Yeh, I guess," I muttered sulkily.

"Fetch me the water jug. Then you boys foller me out, an' at the far end we'll let the team blow, an' talk."

I got the jug but I wouldn't speak to Lige. We heard the water gurgle down his gullet, then he grinned. How could the man be so cheerful, all sweaty but like a man who'd done a good deed? The old coot knew what he'd done—ruined the Waller forever.

He said "Giddap," and his ornery cutter hissed into the second furrow. Ellis and I followed along, our toes in the smooth black bottom of it. On and on went Lige behind Jewel and Old Tops. Ellis grunted back to me: "This time he'll go whack into the Waller. Bust the sod down on our cave. We better run ahead an' yank out the muskit an' the Kentucky gun, save some o' the stuff."

But we plodded on dimly, eyes down to the cursed furrow. So we didn't notice it was turning slightly left. But after a while Lige yelled: "Whoa, you critters! Rest a spell. First breakin' prairie gants a team up bad."

The plow stopped. Ellis ran around ahead of it. He vanished over the rim of the Waller and I heard him yelling excitedly.

I started that way and Lige stopped me. The furrow made a skirl and went off a hundred feet to

the left of the Waller. I began yelling myself. "Doggone! Missed it, by Swanny!"

"The durndest thing," said Lige. "This team just balked on me on that first furrow. Ol' Tops balkin' an' geein' off loco."

"Wouldn't plow up the Waller?" I'd never heard such foolishness in all my born days. It was tragic.

"Yeh. Go scratch Tops's ear. She started it, an' I couldn't do a thing with 'em. Must be them ol' plugs got to rememberin' all the hot days you boys helped, mendin' fence an' runnin' cows, sweatin' on their bony backs. They just reared up an' left mebbe a whole acre o' prairie around your Waller."

More foolishness. But Ellis was down in the Waller, jumping up and down on the dead dried cow. Even she seemed to grin from her bony skull. Ellis yelled: "Come see! What got into Lige, such foolishness? Blamin' them ol' horses?"

I joined him and kicked the dried cow. "He never aimed to bust up the Waller. Just tickled him all spring scarin' us. I bet Effie made him do this! Let's go holler at her. Git home!"

We ran through our last prairie, down the cool black bottom of the furrow. What a beautiful first breakin' furrow! We burst into the sod house, where Effie stood with floury hands.

"Know what? Lige left us a whole acre o' prairie! For Chick an' me around the Waller!"

"Ain't ever goin' to be plowed by anybody forever!"

Effie's small sun-leathered face had a rare sweet smile. "It sure won't be, long as I got a say with this land. Last prairie belongs to you boys. You worked hard cleanin' the place up. Run git your ol' guns an' play shootin'. Land, I'll burn my cookies! Get out of my way—an' who stole the crock o' buttermilk I was coolin' in the windmill tank?"

We ran for our prairie yelling. "Ain't ever goin' to be plowed! Not ever forever!"

5

WE lost. Nearly seventy years later I saw the ranch again. Ellis now lived in town but he drove me out in his fine car along good roads lined with box elders and big cottonwoods. He said: "Chick, I'm eighty an' never been sick abed in my life. How you feel now?"

"Never sick in my life. That old West must have made us tough buggers. Well, where's the ranch?"

He drove on as if not hearing me. But he talked: "You know that first winter they homesteaded here, they lived in a covered wagon. It must have been tough. But I never heard a complaint out of Effie or Lige. Cheerful folks. With all his talk Lige never got to Californy. Never got anywhere forty miles from his land in forty years. Wound up in Farmers' Valley buryin' ground. But Effie saw Californy!

That first war boom she sold out at big prices. Went to Californy and didn't like it. Came back to sleep by Lige again. Battled the land to the end of their days, and laughed."

"Old-timers started to make this a pretty country — but — show me the section corners so I can tell where's the ranch."

He stopped and pointed: "There. See it?"

I didn't answer and he stopped talking. We sat in silence. I looked above whispering corn in tassel. Not a thing else. Not a windbreak tree, a windmill, a stick of fence or corral, or soddy; not a sign to show that boys had played and grownups laughed and worked here. Corn, bright blades, waving tassels. Mighty corn — food for a world!

"Come on, Ellis. I don't like this country now. Show me the Waller, and where's the schoolhouse?"

A yellow school bus went past filled with shouting children. A fine cheerful country, a land that had no legends, no history, not an event that anyone would remember. Ellis drove west along a fine road. At the next section corner he stopped. He pointed again over waving corn. "There's the Buffalo Waller. See it?"

I had to look a long time. At last I made out a slight depression in the mighty cornfields. Ellis said: "You know what? When Effie sold she tried to fix the deed so our prairie'd never be broke up. Said the last acre belonged to the boys. Said mebbe Chick'd come back someday and want to play in the Waller. Me an' the lawyers never let her know what the big company had done out here. But once, after she'd passed ninety, she got to the bank an' bawled 'em out. Said if anybody ever plowed that acre they were worse than Plug Hat New Yorkers."

Then I said, "Ellis, you remember we always thought we were fooling Lige and Effie, keeping all our doings and troubles from them and never complaining, but now I believe they knew all the time!"

"Sure — and never meddled. Laughed and let us run free. Chick, we had something that's lost forever."

Little old tough-bodied, tough-minded Effie, pioneer woman of the West! Long as she could, trying to keep that bit of ancient prairie sod for the meadow larks and gophers, the big black and yellow bumblebees — and boys who might come back someday. Symbol of a lost primal land.



THE BURIAL

(for Martha Hillard MacLeish)

by ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

LIFE relinquishing, by life relinquished —
 O but the young tart quick beating
 Life in your heart, my mother — O and sweet —
 Where will they put that down among these mingled
 Soot-stained grave-stones here? Or do they think
 The thirst is gone now and the apple eaten?
 Do they think the journeys, like your feet,
 Are still? And is it so? The one, the single
 Answer that the bird makes to the hill —
 Had your heart, asking, heard it? Was it done?
 Life you never finished, did your life
 Finish, my mother? Was all suddenly still,
 All understood, all answered and all one:
 Young girl, old woman, widow, mother, wife?



A lawyer and a man of action, WILLIAM J. DONOVAN, Chairman of the American Committee on United Europe, rises in defense of the Schuman Plan. Colonel of "The Fighting 69th" in the First World War, he was three times wounded and was decorated with the Congressional Medal and the Légion d'Honneur. He has explored China on his own, distributed relief in Poland, and traveled in Siberia. In 1940 he went on the first of the secret missions for President Roosevelt which were to lead to his command of the OSS.

THE SCHUMAN PLAN: A BLOW TO MONOPOLY

by WILLIAM J. DONOVAN

1

THE future of Germany is the central issue in Europe. German industrial and military power represents a tremendous force for either good or evil. If German energies can be harmonized with the purposes of the Western world, the problem of ensuring peace and a high standard of living is on the way to solution. If no way can be found to make Germany an effective partner of the Western democratic nations, then the future of the West will remain uncertain.

The Schuman Plan represents the only practicable means for releasing the tremendous industrial energies of the German people to the benefit not only of Germany but of the entire Western world. France has suffered too long and too often from German aggression to consent to the unsupervised revival of German industry and its concomitant war potential. Germany, on the other hand, will not suffer a long-term restriction of production without developing a deep grievance against the West. This could result in the kind of covert industrial activity which followed the Versailles Treaty. The Schuman Plan breaks this impasse. By placing all Western European coal and steel enterprises under the regulation of a common supranational body, it assures France that German industry will not become the servant of German aggressive ambitions; at the same time, it offers to German enterprises an equality of treatment with their competitors in other Western European countries.

These considerations are fundamentally political. The history of the last few decades has emphasized again and again, however, that political objectives cannot be achieved without sound economic conditions. Such economic conditions cannot be created so long as Europe remains organized in a multiplicity of national markets. These markets are a last vestige of nineteenth-century technology. In the mass-production system that we know today, they

not only smother initiative but prevent normal economic growth.

During the period between the two wars, the European coal and steel industries subjected themselves to tight regulation within their respective national markets by highly developed domestic cartels. For a large part of the period, international trade in steel was also rigidly controlled by an international steel cartel. The Second World War did not eliminate cartels; it merely intensified the conditions which breed cartelization. With the development of import and export quotas, currency controls, double-pricing practices, and freight rate discriminations, national boundaries have become economic barriers far more effective than in the days when tariffs were the principal instruments of protectionism. Confined within limited national markets, the basic industries have become more than ever the willing victims of cartelization, frequently made mandatory by national law. Markets have been allocated, production restricted by the assignment of quotas to individual enterprises, and prices fixed either by national law or by cartel edict. Investment in new equipment has been made subject to cartel permission. Purchasing and selling are largely managed by cartels. The cartels seek to establish a price and market structure that permits some profit even to the most inefficient enterprise in the industry. Competitive adventure has been superseded by the ideal of easy living for the entrepreneur. Expansion and modernization have been discouraged not only by the direct control of investment but by the removal of incentive. As a result the taxpayers and consumers have virtually subsidized many marginal plants within their countries.

This is the situation which characterizes the Western European coal and steel industries today. Sooner or later, the European ultimate consumer —

the voter and taxpayer who buys the goods from coal and steel — will take steps to remedy this situation. In Germany the pressures for steel nationalization are very strong. Nationalization, however, merely carries the process of concentration to its ultimate limit, although in public rather than private hands.

In the United States we are so accustomed to the existence of antitrust laws that we sometimes forget that they have not been universally adopted. No country of continental Western Europe has what we would seriously call an antitrust law. Cartels, far from being outlawed, are in many countries required by law. There is no effective legislation limiting the ability of enterprises to dominate the market either alone or in combinations with other enterprises. European economists and businessmen have grown accustomed to regard antitrust laws and the concept of free competition on which they are based as an American phenomenon, quite unsuited to the European system. Regulation, as under the Schuman Plan, seems the only practical remedy consistent with the liberal economic tradition in which we Americans believe.

Under the Schuman Plan a single Continental market will be created for both the coal and steel industries. This market will consist of 150 million people, approximately as many as make up our single market in the United States. Within that market any purchaser will have access to coal and steel on the same basis as any other purchaser, subject to differences in freight rates which result from the distance from the source of supply. All national barriers will be eliminated; all rigidities resulting from cartelization will be wiped out.

The Schuman Plan is both political and economic in conception. Its most significant feature is that it represents the first decisive step toward a European federation. All previous attempts in the direction of unifying Europe by peaceful means have taken the form of international rather than supranational organizations. These organizations have lacked power to act without full agreement among the member states. They have, as a consequence, been instruments for mediation and compromise rather than instruments for government. The Schuman Plan, on the other hand, represents the first attempt to create a set of institutions that can act independently of the will of the component governments — institutions that have the power not only to make decisions but to enforce those decisions by penalties directed either at the component states or at the individual citizens within those states.

The institutions of the Schuman Plan will be sovereign within the sphere of their responsibility. To be sure, this responsibility, initially at least, will be limited to coal and steel. In this Mr. Schuman made a difficult but inspired choice. He preferred substantial progress along a “limited but

decisive front” to the imperceptible progress along a broad front which has been made by the international organizations of Europe.

Any measure so revolutionary as the Schuman Plan will encounter violent opposition from the coal and steel cartelists who see the power they once had to regulate the market transferred to public hands. The opposition from the affected European industries, led by their cartel organizations, has been violent, systematic, and persistent. Threatened by a measure rendering cartels illegal, they have attacked the plan as creating a “grand” or “super” cartel. Confronted with the elimination of rigid control by private agreement, they have attacked the plan as providing for rigid government control by a supranational organization.

German industrialists have denounced the plan as basically anti-German and as a plot by French steel interests to obtain access to Ruhr coal at the expense of Germany. French industrialists, on the contrary, have denounced the plan as playing into German hands.

2

IN the October issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Clarence Randall in an article entitled “European Steel: Monopoly in the Making” expressed the conclusion that the Schuman Plan for the creation of a single market for coal and steel in Western Europe, while inspired by excellent motives, would nevertheless “weaken Europe by laying the dead hand of socialism and bureaucracy across its basic industry.”

Mr. Randall bases his conclusion on two fundamental misconceptions: —

1. His assumption that without the Schuman Plan we could look forward in Europe to a system of free enterprise. This assumption ignores history as well as the present political complexion of Europe. Certainly since the end of World War I the continent of Europe has never had a period of free enterprise as known in America. The history of European industry has never been that of competition by company against company. It has always been that of cartel versus cartel. These cartels are the very opposite of competition.

2. Mr. Randall’s second error is his assumption that the Schuman Plan would be a deterrent to the development of a system of free enterprise. The framework and provisions of the Schuman Plan, far from deterring the development of competition in steel, seek to encourage and ensure such competition.

Mr. Randall concentrates principally on attempting to show that, while the treaty bans cartels, “actually there are embodied in it many of the essential features of a cartel.” While he points out that the treaty “in the most direct language forbids agreement among enterprises that would tend to fix or

influence prices; to restrict or control production, technical development, or investments; to allocate markets, products, customers, or sources of supply," he is afraid that certain of these powers may be exercised by the supranational High Authority.

Mr. Randall seems to base this fear upon two provisions of the treaty. One is a provision permitting the High Authority, when it finds the Community faced with a period of manifest crisis, to establish a system of production quotas and regulate the rate of operation of the various enterprises by making appropriate levies on tonnage exceeding a reference level. The second is a proviso authorizing the High Authority to require enterprises to submit investment programs and, under certain circumstances, to prohibit enterprises from resorting to the capital market for financing programs which it disapproves. In Mr. Randall's view, these two powers may enable the "vast new bureaucracy" of the High Authority "to bring to knee any recalcitrant producer who during the fifty years for which this commitment is to last may dare to challenge a directive."

In describing these two powers of the High Authority, Mr. Randall has exaggerated both the possibility of their misuse and their importance in relation to the spirit of the treaty. The first of these powers — the establishment of production quotas — is clearly limited to the extraordinary situation. Production quotas can be established by the High Authority only under very stringent conditions. First, the High Authority must find, in the event of a decline in demand, that the Community is faced with a period of manifest crisis. Secondly, it must find that all means of indirect action available to the High Authority are insufficient to cope with the situation. Thirdly, it must consult with the Consultative Committee, on which the producers are represented equally with labor and the consumers. Fourthly, it must obtain the approval of the special Council of Ministers, on which each member government is represented. Finally, any affected enterprise may appeal the imposition of quotas to the Court of Justice created by the treaty, which is charged with keeping a vigilant eye on all activities of the High Authority.

The second power which Mr. Randall fears is likewise circumscribed. While the High Authority may require enterprises to submit investment programs in advance, it may not, in any event, prevent an enterprise from investing its own money. The most it can do is to prohibit it from external financing, in the event that it finds that such financing would require "subsidies, assistance, protection or discrimination" contrary to the treaty. In other words, it can prevent an enterprise from embarking on an unwise or uneconomic investment program *only* when it finds that such a program would necessitate support by subsidies or special favors from

a national government. Since the creation of the single market necessarily involves putting an end to such subsidies and discriminations, this power seems to be essential. In any event, the utilization of the power is subject to the same review by the Court of Justice as all other powers exercised by the High Authority.

To point to these two powers of the High Authority, as does Mr. Randall, as representing a commitment to *dirigisme* and supersocialism, which is so much feared on the Continent, is to throw the whole picture out of focus. One has only to read the treaty as a whole to be impressed with the clear determination of its drafters that the objective of the High Authority is not to intervene in the market but to prevent intervention whether by the national states or by private monopolies. Thus, under Article 5 of the treaty "the Schuman Plan Community" (meaning all the institutions taken together) is directed to "accomplish its mission . . . with limited direct intervention." One of the duties placed upon it is to "assure the establishment, the maintenance and the observance of normal conditions of competition and take direct action with respect to production and the operation of the market only when circumstances make it absolutely necessary." Finally, the institutions of the Community are, under the terms of the treaty, to carry out these duties "with as little administrative machinery as possible and in close coöperation with the interested parties."

3

CRITICS of the treaty like Mr. Randall may contend that if the purpose of the treaty is not to control economic forces but merely to deflect them from expressions harmful to the public interest, then positive powers such as the ones he cites are unnecessary. Such a contention might have validity if the treaty were to last for only a short period, but it is to be made for fifty years. The effect of the treaty is to take powers over coal and steel away from national governments and transfer those powers to a supranational authority. Could any responsible state give up for a half century all powers to intervene in the market when emergency conditions required it, without making certain that at least a minimum of those powers reposed somewhere else — in this case in a supranational authority? Any other conclusion would involve the voluntary renunciation of powers which might, under circumstances not now foreseeable, be needed over the next century to save the Community from unemployment and social unrest. The surprising thing is not that the drafters of the treaty have reserved to the High Authority certain powers of direct intervention, but that they have limited those powers so strictly and hedged them about with such stringent conditions.

Of course the Schuman Plan is not perfect. However, it does offer the possibility of creating a single free market for the basic industries of Europe. It is unlikely that this would come about if the Schuman Plan were rejected.

We are not starting with a clean slate to set up an ideal economic society. The European coal and steel industries are already regulated to a strangling degree by national governments, by private cartels, or frequently by coöperative efforts of national governments and cartels. These regulations are not subject to the safeguarding conditions which the treaty imposes on the exercise of the limited power of direct intervention it contains. Little new capital is flowing into these industries except through governmental action. The discrimination and rigidities which have developed over the last two decades are becoming more and more crystallized with every day that passes. It will take a drastic change to break and reform the pattern.

Mr. Randall says that "the Schuman Plan by its boldness and its honesty of purpose evoked an emotional response from the weary nations of Europe upon which peace can and should be based." He states, however, that the plan in its present form represents a remedy that "is too violent," and he proposes certain amendments which he feels should be made.

The first is that the European nations should "write into the document a declaration against socialization as clear as that against price-fixing." Why, however, is this necessary? The plan, by its terms, specifically does not affect the method of ownership. Even if an industry within a country is presently nationalized — as is most of the coal industry in France — that industry will still be subject to the provisions of the treaty assuring freedom of competition, and it will still be subject to the directions of the High Authority against acts which might serve to impair competition.

* Mr. Randall's final suggestion is that the term of the commitment be reduced, "making it long enough for a fair trial but not the equivalent of forever." How can one set up a single market for Europe on a trial basis? The difficulties of eliminating national barriers and restrictive practices will be bad enough in any event. The only hope for success lies in the fact that the treaty *is* a long-term

commitment. Those with vested interests in such practices are not encouraged to fight a delaying action for a "trial period" with the hope of returning to a status quo of cartels when that period is completed.

As a last suggestion Mr. Randall would, "to resolve the dilemma," have "Mr. Schuman's ideal find expression in a climate of free enterprise, in language drawn by men who understand free enterprise and believe in its power for good." Yet the men who, Mr. Randall apparently feels, should draft the treaty are European coal and steel producers — men who, he says, think of free enterprise as meaning "the privilege of agreeing with their competitors on prices without government interference."

As this is being written, parliamentary representatives of fifteen member nations of the Council of Europe meeting here in Strasbourg, France, are debating "A Policy for Europe." These debates are part of a continuous examination of European problems which has occupied the best minds of Europe for the past three years. Out of these discussions and studies have come the Treaty on Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms, the Schuman Plan, the Plevin Plan for a European Army, as well as various proposals for European federation.

The future political organization of Europe still is not clear. There are many factors that make for this uncertainty, but it is due in part, at least, to the refusal of the British to participate in a political Federation of Europe and to the reluctance of the Continental countries to attempt such a federation without British participation.

The discussions in the Council of Europe show that it is easier to agree upon principles than to agree upon ways and means. The possibility of achieving European unity is greatly dependent upon the fate of the Schuman Plan and the European Army in the parliaments of France and Germany. These two projects realized would mean a great advance in European unity. The Schuman Plan is the linchpin of a united Europe. Failure to ratify it would be a severe blow to General Eisenhower's demand for a European Army and to present efforts for European unity.



THROUGH THE DRIFT OF YEARS

NEVER go back: if landscapes do not change
Then the familiar will but seem more strange,
Shorn of the magic cast on field and tree
By memory's and time's mendacity;
Or, if they have changed, then we join the chorus
Who now, with their own recollections, bore us.
After a lapse of decades it is folly
To trace old joys through mists of melancholy:
The brook we leaped so nimbly in our nonage
Is a mere ditch or too wide for our tonnage,
And so with the dark-flowing past: one jumps
To drown midstream or sprawl in thorny clumps.

Not for a fortune (let me reconsider
If I am tempted by a generous bidder!)
Would I return to Paris, there to chase
Through haunted streets the phantom of lost grace.
To Denmark? Even northern beauties wilt,
Their golden tresses turned to gray or gilt —
Only the Mermaid by the Sound responds
Unchanged to memory, and she is bronze.
Boston — where everyone now hopefully looks
To find himself in one of Marquand's books?
No, I should be, beneath the State House dome,
Most homesick where I once was most at home.

Only New York is safe, where late and early
The riveters outstrip life's hurly-burly,
Where nothing now recalls my childhood era
That shook in needless fear of poor Cevera
And witnessed Admiral Dewey's victory march
Pass by forever through the Dewey Arch.
I speak of childhood, but, to tell the truth,
There's nothing much remaining from my youth,
Hardly one stone upon another. Splendid!
Here all things change before they need be mended,
And mortal years, in contrast to such haste,
Move almost to immortal measures paced.

ROBERT HILLYER



FARLEY MOWAT made his first trip to the Barren Lands in 1935 when, as a boy of fifteen, he saw the great herds of reindeer, "a half-mile wide river of caribou flowing unhurriedly north." It was a sight he never forgot. On his discharge from the Canadian Army after six years in the Infantry, he decided to return to the unmapped sanctuary of the Barrens and study the migration of the deer. He flew to Lake Nueltin with enough supplies for a stay of several months, and teamed up with Franz, a young Cree-German trader, who took him to the Ithlmiut, a vanishing clan of primitive Eskimos. This is the second of three articles drawn from Mr. Mowat's forthcoming book, *People of the Deer* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

THE DEER: LIFEblood OF THE BARRENS

by FARLEY MOWAT

1

THE day the deer came Franz took me on his sled and we drove warily along the rotten shore ice of the bay to the Ghost Hills. The June heat was intense; at noon the thermometer had reached 100, and we wore only thin trousers and cotton shirts. An hour's travel took us to the north shore of the bay, and here we tied the dogs and climbed a long gentle ridge that faced south.

Below us lay Windy Bay, and beyond it the shattered slopes of the Ghost Hills. The hills were dun-colored heights sheathed in rock and long-dead lichens, with startlingly black patches of dwarf spruce spotted along their lower slopes. To the north, the summer plains sank into white, snow-filled hollows, hiding the muskegs and ponds; then lifted to reveal a hueless and leaden waste that stretched to the horizon.

From our vantage point all of this achromatic world lay somberly below us as we waited for the deer. We had not long to wait. Franz caught my arm and pointed to the convoluted slopes of the distant southern hills, and I could just discern a line of motion. It seemed to me that the slopes were sliding gently downward to the bay, as if the innumerable boulders that protruded from the hills had suddenly been set adrift to roll, in slow motion, down upon the ice. I watched intently, not certain whether the sun's glare had begun to affect my eyes so that they played tricks on me. Then the slow avalanches reached the far shore and debouched over the bay. I tried to count the little dots. Ten, fifty, a hundred, three hundred — and I gave up. In broken twisted lines, in bunched and beaded ropes, the deer streamed out onto the ice until they were moving north across a front of several miles.

From that distance they barely seemed to move, and yet in a few minutes they had reached the center of the bay and had begun to take on shape. I lifted my binoculars to my eyes. The long skeins dissolved at once into endless rows of deer, each following upon the footsteps of the animals ahead. Here and there along the lines a yearling kept its place beside a mother who was swollen with the new fawn she carried. There were no bucks. All these animals were does, all pregnant, all driving inexorably towards the north and the flat plains where they would soon give birth.

The leaders reached our shore and began the ascent, but across the bay the avalanche continued and grew heavier. The surface of the bay, for 6 miles east and west, had become one undulating mass of animals, and still they came.

Without hurry, without pause, driven by instinct, they filed down to the ice and, following the tracks of those who had crossed first, made for our shore. Highways began to grow. The black ice was pounded and shattered until it again became white with broken crystals. The broad roads stretched across the bay, multiplied, grew into one another until at length they disappeared and the whole sweep of ice was one great road.

The herds were swelling past our lookout now. Ten paces from us, five, then we were forced to stand and wave our arms to avoid being trampled on. The does gazed briefly and incuriously at us, swung a few feet away and passed on to the north without altering their gait.

Hours passed like minutes. The flow continued at an unbroken level until the sun stood poised on the horizon's rim. And I became slowly conscious of a great apathy. Life, my life and that of Franz,

of all living things I knew, seemed to have become meaningless. For here was life on such a scale that it was beyond all comprehension. It numbed my mind and left me feeling as if the inanimate world had been saturated with a reckless prodigality in that sacred and precious thing called life.

2

SINCE the time of the first arctic explorations, *la Foule*, the Throng, has baffled men. Unlike the immense herds of the prairie buffalo whose habits were open to the eyes of human intruders, the caribou have always remained wrapped in an aura of mystery that has never quite been penetrated. It was known that at certain times of the year, and in certain places, the deer would suddenly appear in herds which blanketed the land. Then, in a few days, they would be gone again. Where had they gone? Well, to the north, the south, or to the east and west, but to what destinations and for what reasons, no one knew.

But as time passed a rough pattern began to emerge from all the conflicting tales told about the deer, and it became known that most of the great herds summered on the plains of the open Barrens and, for the most part, wintered southward inside the protecting timber of the high arctic forests. These two movements were known, but after I had been a year in the Barrens, yet another movement became obvious to me — a migration that I shall discuss in detail later on.

The does, moving up from the forests to cross the mouth of Windy Bay in the first weeks of spring, soon began to disappear and there came a week when only little bands of stragglers, the sterile does, were seen. These did not hurry, for they were not driven by the compulsion of their swollen bellies. Old does, and those that had not been bred, passed gently by, but on their heels there came a new upsurge. The bucks arrived. For a few days the hard-packed crossing places were again so thickly carpeted by the brown backs of animals that the ice could not be seen. Then suddenly the bucks too had passed our camp, following the trails of their does, who were even then giving birth on the flatlands 500 miles to the north of us. The bucks passed, and that was the end of the spring migration, though stragglers continued to come our way for many weeks.

The beasts that passed under my eyes that spring were hardly things of beauty. Their rough coats were molting, and in places the passage through the thick forests had rubbed the winter hair away from great patches of black skin. The distended bellies of the does and the ugly bovine heads of all the animals, quite without antlers in the spring, bore no resemblance to the graceful shapes that our minds conjure up at the word "deer." And yet their long and knobby legs, with huge splayed feet,

carried them over the rough land with a deceptive speed and sureness.

Nor did their manners make them more attractive. Does, fawns, and bucks, without exception, enlivened the long day's trek with a ceaseless succession of belly noises that made each herd seem like one noisy knot of rampant indigestion. The belly rumblings formed an undertone to the castanetlike clatter of their feet, for the "ankles" of caribou are fitted with a loose cartilage that, when they move, emits a clicking noise not unlike the muted sound of rocks being tapped against each other under water.

By the end of June the last stragglers, the wounded and the sick, had passed by Windy Bay, leaving the land about our camp to countless flocks of ducks, gulls, and sandpipers who kept up a constant cry and movement over the little ponds and the softening muskeg bogs. The snow was gone by then, yet the passage of the deer was still remembered, for the low bogs had been so cut and torn by the pounding hoofs that areas of moss, covering acres in extent, had been churned to chocolate-colored puddings of ancient peat, torn from its frozen sleep and left to melt under the heat of a forgotten sun. The heavy stench of barnyards hung over these spots for many weeks.

Even the surfaces of the great ridges, paved with frost-shattered rocks, clearly showed the eternal passage of the deer. Trails crossed and intersected everywhere, so that in all the country it was difficult to find a single square yard of land which did not bear the deep impress of a long-used trail. Even on solid rock the trails were clearly marked and some had been worn into the gray gneiss for a foot in depth.

But while the land at Windy Bay was given over to birds, the anxious does had borne their fawns on the chosen ground of the high flat plains that lie to the south of Baker Lake and Thelon River. The fawns were with the herds, grunting and coughing about their restless mothers. These precocious children can outrun a man within hours of their birth and can give even the great arctic wolf a difficult pursuit. It is well for them that they are so forward, for their dull-eyed mothers are singularly lacking in maternal instincts and it sometimes happens that the does desert their young in the face of danger. So it is not uncommon to meet young fawns roaming alone in the wide spaces of the plains. These lost youngsters will attach themselves to men and follow them for hours, for, like all caribou, the fawns are cursed with a great curiosity about things better left alone.

When the fawning is done with, the great herds split into little groups which are forever on the move. In eddies and milling crowds they circle aimlessly, covering hundreds of miles of tundra every few days. The deer have no home. Winter and summer they must always be on the move, for

when such numbers gather at any given spot, the lichens and dwarf willow leaves that form their chief foods are speedily exhausted, and if the deer remain they starve.

Throughout the hot July days the northern plains are filled with restless little groups of deer which shift about and pass like tumbleweed. But in late July a new compulsion seems to seize them, and this is the movement I referred to earlier as one that still remains quite unexplained. A few of the tiny groups suddenly drift towards the south. They are like the beginnings of a growing avalanche, for they pick up and carry with them all the herds they meet, and the momentum of the march increases rapidly from day to day. By early August this movement is a flood that rushes southward at increasing speed until, reaching the forest edge, the wave of deer is halted and flung back in disorder and confusion. The vast summer herds break up, and once again they eddy slowly about with complete aimlessness. Behind the wave of does, and sometimes mingling with them, the bucks, now carrying incredible spreads of velvet-covered antlers, follow along the trail of the stampede. Then, slowly, a recoil begins, and once again the deer drift to the north.

No man can tell the full reason behind this summer flight, for winter is still far away, and before it comes, all the deer will have moved north again nearly to the limits reached in spring. Perhaps they make this summer migration because of the flies. Mosquitoes and black flies abound so richly in the Barrens that for weeks on end a wise man does not stir from his dark cabin by day unless driven by urgent need. Summer travel is a constant flight, an endeavor to escape the pursuing haze of winged tormentors. I have seen men remove their shirts after a day in the summer Barrens, and those shirts had to be peeled away from the body, for they were glued to the flesh with the blood of countless bites.

If it is difficult for men to escape from the blood-sucking flies, then it is impossible for the deer to escape. At the height of the fly season the deer become emaciated shadows of themselves who hardly dare take time to eat and rest. They flee along the highest and most wind-swept ridges in a futile effort to escape a plague that has been known to destroy them from sheer loss of blood.

Yet the bloodsucking and the flesh-eating flies are not the most dreaded of the hosts. There are two other flies, both large, gaudy things which look like bumblebees. The arrival of a single one of these flamboyant raiders can inspire terror in a herd of deer that neither man nor wolves can equal. Once, while I was watching a small herd of bucks quietly feeding along a steep riverbank, I saw the animals suddenly go mad. The herd disintegrated and its members fled wildly in all directions, with tossing heads and with high reckless leaps that sometimes plunged them sickeningly on the sharp, shattered

rocks. One buck turned to the river, and without a moment's hesitation flung himself over the steep bank and crashed into the shallow waters below, to lie dying with a broken neck.

I paddled over to the still-quivering corpse, and there met the murderer: a winged, yellow horror perched on the dead deer, with its ovipositor throbbing and swelling as it sought a place to lay its microscopic eggs. These eggs hatch into minute larvae which burrow through the hide, enter the blood stream, and in time emerge from the flesh to lie in little pockets just underneath the skin on the back of the deer. By the next spring these pockets have reached full size, and each contains an aqueous grub as big as the end joint of a man's finger. I have counted 200 of these white and repulsive parasites under the back hide of a single deer. In June the obese larvae burrow out through the skin, riddling it as if by machine-gun fire, and drop off to pupate on the ground.

The second of the two devil flies is of an even more evil nature, for its larvae live not under the skin but in a tight and squirming mass, the size of a small grapefruit, which clogs the cavities of the deer's nose and throat until it seems impossible that the victim can escape death by asphyxiation. I once took 130 of these giant maggots, each an inch long, from the throat and nostrils of a single doe.

Now perhaps — though I cannot prove the supposition — it is the threat of these many varieties of winged furies which drives the deer so far north in the early spring; for the farther north, the later is the coming of fly season. Then — again perhaps — as the flies die off from north to south with the progress of summer, the deer may follow that line of recession in search of undepleted pastures. I do not know if this is true, but I do know that the summer arrival of the deer in the central Barrens during my stay in the land coincided exactly with the final abrupt disappearance of the flies at that point.

3

Few Northerners have any idea of the menageries of other unpleasant beasts that exist under the skin of the deer. Parasites are so numerous, I conclude from my own studies, that there comes a time in the life of every deer, if it survives the other perils, when it is so overloaded with parasites that it simply dies of outright starvation though it spends all day eating. For the record, and for the enlightenment of any reader who may someday be offered a prime roast of caribou, here is a list of the actual parasites I took from one old buck.

In the body muscles there was a concentration of tapeworm cysts that averaged 2 per cubic inch of meat. No part of the muscle tissues was free of these abhorrent things; and in addition to them, there was a liberal sprinkling of the cysts of nematode worms. The lungs also were very active even after

death. I counted and removed 17 nematode worms, most of them over six inches in length. In the liver there were tapeworm cysts of two species, some of them the size of a tennis ball. The intestines yielded one adult tapeworm of great length and antiquity, and even in the heart muscles I found 6 tapeworm cysts. Of minor parasites, there were 190 warble-fly larvae under the hide and about 75 bott-fly larvae cozily ensconced within the throat and nasal passages.

Now this particular deer was no exception. It was simply old and therefore very heavily parasitized. But all deer which I have examined, except fawns and some yearlings, have yielded a corresponding count of parasites in degrees of intensity varying with the beast's age.

The interesting point here is that all the nematodes and tapeworms have at least two-stage life cycles. That is, they need another host, apart from the deer, to complete their lives. Encysted parasites reach maturity only when the flesh they are lurking in is eaten by another animal. That animal is often man.

I do not know what sort of internal shape the native eaters of deer — or I myself — may be in. Nor do I want to know. I can only comfort myself with the reflection that if the parasites to be picked up from eating deer meat were pathogenic, then there would be no Eskimos at all. It is thin comfort when I recall the raw meat dinners I have eaten in the Barrens.

About the end of August a new mood descends upon the deer. Slowly, and in small groups, they begin moving north again, for the time of rut is drawing near and a protracted atmosphere of tension grips the already restless beasts.

At this time the deer are fat. Freed of flies, they have time to graze on the thick lichens and on the leaves of the tiny bushes that carpet the dry lands. In late summer the bucks accumulate a layer of fat that may be three inches thick along their backs, for they will have no time to eat during the rut. Now the gleaming summer coats of the animals are a rich brown. The massive antlers of the bucks arch to the skies.

Even the does have recovered from the ordeal of bearing and nursing the young. They are sleek again and, if not eager, at least passively ready for the October days when the rut takes place. The does also are carrying antlers, and though these are only little spikes compared with those of the bucks, they are interesting because the doe caribou are the only female members of the whole North American deer tribe equipped with antlers.

The rut is a time of fantastic sights and sounds. The great angry bucks engage in constant battle, whether or not a prize awaits the victor. These battles go on incessantly through daylight and through darkness and at times the crash of horn on horn is so continuous and loud that sleep becomes

impossible for a man camped near the rutting herds.

Yet the battles are mostly sound and fury. The tremendous sweeps of antlers that dwarf their bearers are of little use as dueling weapons, and usually the only damage to the contestants is to the loser's pride. There is of course the constant and macabre danger of the two sets of antlers locking, and it is not rare to find the skeletons of such combatants with the antlers still locked in death.

For a few weeks the winning bucks take over, and defend the herds of does. But when the urgent drive of their loins is quite exhausted, the older bucks leave the harems and go back to their own segregated lives.

Until the first fall of winter snow the northward drift continues. But on a certain day, winter gives its brief warning before it roars down out of the darkening arctic and the coming of the first snow fills the deer with panic.

A frenzy seizes them and they turn as one animal, coalesce into immense frantic herds, and pound toward the south again. Herds run into herds until the concentration is so complete that all the animals throughout the land may be together in one single mighty wave which plunges wildly down upon the shelter of the southern forests.

In the fall of 1947, I met that panic-stricken wave of fleeing deer. One day the country stretched endlessly northward and was empty of all motion, save where a raven soared in lazy circles against a faded sky. But with the following dawn the land came alive. From a high hill beside the river I could see nothing but the backs of deer. The river seethed with the multitudes swimming its rapid width, and the clicking of the countless feet was more persistent than the cries of crickets on a warm summer evening in the South. But three days later that same land was dead again. A single wolf, following leisurely over the corroded muskeg, was all that moved upon the plains.

4

I ONCE met an old white man who had trapped for many years by the lakes in the wooded country of northern Manitoba where many of the great herds winter. On a December day he took me to look at the narrow neck connecting his lake with an adjoining one. The ice was clear and free of snow and as I looked downward I could see that the floor of the narrows consisted of a chaotic tangle of bones that seemed to reach within inches of the surface. The antlers alone, in that vast boneyard, could have been counted in the tens of thousands, and the deer that had contributed their bones to the charnel collection must have totaled many times that number.

After I had seen the narrows the old man told me the story of the days when he first built his cabin near the lake. In those days the deer, arriving from the North, were funneled by two parallel lines of

hills into the narrow channel where the boneyard lies. He told me that the press of deer was sometimes so great that fawns were swept off their feet and crushed by the animals around them. He told me that this solid river of deer flowed for as much as two weeks without a slackening of the pressure. Perhaps he exaggerated, for an old man's memory is often greener than the event. And yet there were the bones under the ice.

I asked about the channel cemetery, and he went on to tell me how it came about. He spoke of how the *Idthen Eldeli* Indians — Eaters of Deer, their name means — came every fall to the narrows between the lakes, and each man brought with him at least a case of ammunition for his .30-30 rifle. The Indians remained until the ammunition failed or until the deer were past. Those that *did* pass. By the time the Indians were gone, the new ice of the narrows and the lakes was creaking with the weight of the dead deer that pressed it down.

In the spring the ice dropped its weight of bodies into the deep water, and most of those deer were untouched by man except for the bullet holes which scarred their carcasses and except that all had their tongues removed for a reason that I speak of later. In the course of two decades the deep channel became so clogged with bones that a canoe could not safely be paddled through it.

Now, in the fall, only a trickle of the great rivers of the deer flows past that place. The deer have not changed their routes — they have simply gone. Where once they moved by many mighty roads, today they pass along one route. And the rifles that destroyed the deer also destroyed the Indians who held the rifles, as surely as if men had turned the muzzles on themselves. For not even those immense herds could withstand the slaughter they were subjected to, and as the deer's ranks thinned, so were the ranks of the *Idthen Eldeli* thinned by the meat starvation which was the aftermath of the great slaughter.

Still, no one should blame the *Idthen* people. Theirs was always a hard and dangerous life. Always the deer were their sole bulwark against starvation and oblivion. Through the long winters, the deer alone made existence in the thin forests possible for these Indians, even as the deer alone made life possible for the Eskimos in the Barrens. Both races were, in fact, Peoples of the Deer, and before the coming of white men, both races lived in harmony with the animals who gave them life.

But when the trading posts began to spread into the northern forests the rifle rapidly replaced the old weapons of the people. And a race of men who had devoted all the centuries of their history to the killing of deer with weapons that were efficient only when used with great skill, and when used unrelentingly, were now presented with a weapon that

could destroy without restrictions and without the need of skill.

The trading firms grew wealthy and still grow wealthier. As recently as the 1920s, one outpost of a world-famous trading concern actually encouraged the sale of tremendous quantities of ammunition to the Northern Indians by offering to buy all the deer tongues that were brought in! Many thousands of dried deer tongues passed through that post, while many thousands of carcasses, stripped only of their tongues, remained to rot in the spring thaws.

The *Idthen Eldeli* went out to their winter hunting grounds, every hunter carrying a case of shells (a thousand rounds), and often enough they were back at the post before spring for more. The profits mounted pleasantly — so pleasantly that a recent suggestion that the sale of ammunition be limited for the good of the purchasers and of the game was denounced as interference with the liberty of men. It *was* interference, I suppose — interference with the free rights of men to destroy themselves through ignorance.

The slaughter of the deer and the destruction of the Deer People is going on, and all that has been done to halt the twin massacres is this: agents of the government have been sent out to tell the survivors of the *Idthen Eldeli* that they must learn the arts of "conservation." The *Idthen* People listen to this strange, foreign talk, but in the privacy of their own tents they recall how the white trappers who have encroached upon their lands kill the migrating deer without compunction and without restraint.

The *Idthen* People who have been tricked and bribed into abandoning the gift of the deer are passing quickly from the high forests. Each year the energy of men grows less and the hunters catch less fur. Each year more women cough their life's blood onto the filthy dirt floors of the wooden hogpens which their ancestors would have scorned. In the winter tents, with the subzero cold passing at will through the shoddy cloth of trade clothes instead of being kept out by warm caribou skins, the women mix flour and baking powder to feed the children who may live till spring. In the summer the men lift the nets they have been taught to use and the people eat fish each day, but the fish do not give them the fat they need, and when fall comes they are impotent beings against the night of winter. They cannot acquire our immunities, for they have no strength to repulse the onslaughts of disease.

The *Idthen* People, who are but one of the many tribes in similar condition across the Territories, are dying of starvation. The deer must feed the People, and the deer alone can give the People life. If, and when, the time comes that there are no more deer, then the last man will die in his igloo and the problems that the Barrens People pose to us as their guardians will not be problems any longer.

(To be concluded)

Corruption

A native of Greenville, Mississippi, and a graduate of Yale, DAVID L. COHN followed the American axiom that only a young man can afford to retire. He scored a quick success in the retail trade of New Orleans, invested his earnings in a chicken farm, and then went out to enjoy and report on the world. He is the author of a penetrating study of the White and the Negro entitled Where I Was Born and Raised; a critique of our tariff policy, Picking America's Pockets; and two volumes of entertaining reminiscence, Love in America and The Good Old Days.

THEY NEVER BREAK THE LAW

by DAVID L. COHN

I'VE got children in school," said Frank McKinney, Indiana banker and chairman of the Democratic National Committee. "If they read those headlines they would think their father was a damn crook," he told the *New York Times*. The headlines in the *New York Herald Tribune* were: "Court Is Told McKinney, McHale, Each Made \$75,000 on \$1,000 in Empire Company Promoter's Stock." McHale is Democratic National Committeeman from Indiana, an important political figure there, and McKinney's friend. The two men, and McHale's wife, made \$166,500 in ten months on an investment of \$2250.

In 1946 they bought 2250 shares of common stock of the Empire Tractor Corporation at \$1 a share. This firm was a remnant of the Empire Ordnance Corporation, a much investigated munitions combine of the last war whose affairs were inspected by the Truman Committee. The stock was shortly repurchased by Empire at a tremendous profit to the investors. In the later bankruptcy proceedings of the company the reason for this action was not made clear and one may go upon the refreshing assumption that, although a member of the hard-boiled business world, the company's president was a corporate Tiny Tim. Or it may be that since the investors had powerful Washington friends, and therefore came within the purview of the compelling maxim "It ain't what you know, it's who you know," he thought they might reward his kindness with kindness. Whatever the conjectures, such is the magic of Potomac waters that bread thrown upon it is often immediately transmuted into hunks of valuable penicillin.

Mr. McKinney seems unnecessarily alarmed. No one has called him a "damn crook," and it is quaintly old-fashioned of him to think that we should be effectively indignant about it even if he did qualify as a crook. It is not that we are incapable of moral indignation. It is that we deploy it against those who richly deserve it — such offenders

against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth as men who steal a cow. In our ethics, moreover, crime lies not in being criminal but in being caught, for being caught is offensive to the pragmatism by which so many of us live.

Certainly it is not for us to subscribe to such an outmoded doctrine as that "whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." What concerns us is rape on Main Street attended by a cloud of witnesses. Nor is this all. We have cast off the stuffy morality that once afflicted us. There were eccentric churchmen in this country not so long ago — happily their seed was sterile — who refused contributions from the elder Rockefeller on the ground that his was "tainted money." Even the phrase has vanished from the language. Now that morality has merged with technology, we have mechanical dishwashers that cleanse the outside of the cup while leaving the inside filthy.

Thus, while gambling is nearly everywhere illegal in this country, it has often been decreed legal, at the behest of churches, when the proceeds go to churches. Who shall say that this is wrong?

In the light of all this, let us consider the case of Mr. Lamar Caudle, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, posted to the Department of Justice in income tax matters, who was recently fired by President Truman. He testified before a Congressional committee: "I may have been guilty of some indiscretion, but I tell you I haven't done a dishonest thing."

If he is now in difficulties it is only because of an irresistible compulsion to be kind to his friends. There came to him his friend Mr. Carmen D'Agostino, a wealthy New Jersey businessman. It seems that his mother and father, resident in Italy, were unhappily not happy together. This touched Mr. Caudle's heart, for if there is anything that we Americans cannot bear it is to see people unhappy; especially married people. Hence, as an accoucheur

of love, he went to Italy with Mr. D'Agostino for the benign purpose of reuniting his parents. Who is better qualified to undertake so delicate a task than an Assistant Attorney General of the United States?

We do not know whether Mr. Caudle was successful in this effort. Yet there were other odds and ends of good deeds to do and he did them. One concerned a trivial matter of \$96,000 of credits that Mr. D'Agostino had in Italian banks, which, patriotically, he wanted transferred to the United States. Mr. Caudle dreamily labored in this vineyard not at all hampered by his status as a high American official. Then, indefatigable as well as versatile, he did another good deed by, he tells us, fighting the spread of Italian communism.

Both men behaved admirably. Mr. Caudle helped a friend. The friend, as evidence that gratitude is a quality of the noble mind, lent him \$2000 and paid the expenses of his thirty days' trip to Italy. Mr. Caudle must have been amazed, therefore, when Representative King, California Democrat, concluded his subcommittee's examination by denouncing him in these words: "The damage you have done your Government is beyond repair."

Latterly a long procession of Caudles has passed before Congressional committees. No one of them has admitted wrongdoing either legal or ethical. Some, upon rueful reflection after being harried by investigators, have granted that they were perhaps indiscreet in accepting "entertainment," "gifts," and other favors from men whom they benefited by misusing their offices. But a violation of the law or their oath of office? No sirree!

Few of the men recently called upon the Washington carpet have been guilty of acts punishable by law. Nor do I doubt the sincerity of their own belief that they have done nothing wrong. Attending the hearings of the Fulbright Committee investigating the Reconstruction Finance Corporation one felt a cold terror. Here were RFC officials who had made dubious loans of public funds to dubious characters, but who could not see that it was improper of them to accept "entertainment" at their hands or "gifts" to their wives. Time after time, querying such witnesses, Senators Fulbright and Douglas shook their heads in amazement that men could be so morally blind. In the estimation of these witnesses an act is wrong only when it may land the actor in jail.

If we were dealing here with the problem of the overtly illegal, it would be relatively simple to solve, for then we should have merely to catch the thieves and jail them. The problem is more difficult because more tenuous; and because more tenuous, more dangerous. It is that of moral blindness; of the disintegration of character which is the beginning of defeat and decay; of our obeisance to the devouring monster of materialism. This is the final result — the morbidly destructive end — of the

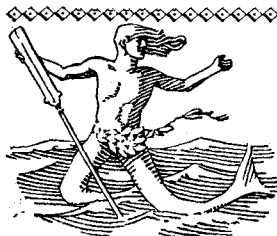
success story. We know that Raskolnikov, in Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment*, merely intended to rob the old woman. But in the end he murdered her.

I suggest that many of our troubles flow from a confusion of synonyms; that they are compounded because the confusion is one of synonyms of values. We are apparently unable to distinguish between bigness and greatness, success and achievement, a standard of living and a standard of life, price and value. The scandalous events in Washington are not unrelated, in my opinion, to the scandals of West Point, the "thrown" basketball games, and the making of football into big business. If institutions of learning — dedicated allegedly to the pursuit of truth — prostitute themselves to athletics and elevate, above all, the theorem that the game must be won at all costs, is this not in the manner of the rough-and-tumble business community of the 1890s when men commonly said, "Get rich. Honestly if you can, but dishonestly if you must"?

I suggest, too, that we be not deluded by smugness into believing that corruption in Washington is a uniquely central government phenomenon. Look about you in your own community: your state, county, city. Contemplate New York, our largest port, where the port has been in the control of gangsters for fifty years; a control costing citizens tens of millions a year and acquiesced in by great shipping lines because they find it easier to pay tribute to gangsters than to fight them. Who ultimately is the more destructive here? The gangsters of whom we have no right to expect anything, or the "nice" people of the world's richest city who submit to their rule because it "pays" to do so?

Note also the findings of the Kefauver Committee. They showed whole states to be dominated by gangsters, with the connivance of governors, mayors, sheriffs, and other officials. These are your communities. You live in one of them. There you bring up your children. But what do you *do* about it other than to wring your hands and say you cannot do anything about it and return to your bridge game? Why, let us ask ourselves, do we tolerate the outrages inflicted upon us? Why are we narcotically apathetic toward them? Why do we say of a crook, rather admiringly, "Well, I'll give him credit. He got away with it"? And if this be the measure of our protest against outrage, who shall measure the eventual infamy among us?

As nothing in the long run can prevent a man from suffering the consequences of his folly, so nothing can prevent a nation from suffering the consequences of its own decay. That decay can be measured in part by the disappearance among us of the phrase "man of character." The decay is now confined to the peripheral members of our corporate body. If it is not to reach the heart it must be stopped by you and me, and it can be stopped only if we want strongly enough to stop it.



The Atlantic Serial



Frank Davison was the owner and manager of Hooton Aerodrome in Cheshire, England, and the director of several aviation companies as well as various nonflying concerns. In 1937 he took Ann on as a pilot and two years later they were married. When the war started, the government put a stop to civilian flying and requisitioned their aerodrome. Frank then turned his hand to running a gravel quarry in Flintshire; but rising wages, wartime shortages, and other complications put him out of that business and into farming. Last Voyage is ANN DAVISON's story of what happened when they got tired of wrestling with the land.

LAST VOYAGE

by ANN DAVISON

1

YOU know, Frank," I said thoughtfully, "I could do with some real gut-stirring."
"What I like about my wife," he replied, "is her elegant mode of expression. So could I."

With the start of the war, the government grounded all civilian aircraft and Frank lost his flourishing aviation business. After a disastrous attempt at running a quarry that Frank had fallen heir to, we decided to live by the land. Our first attempt was on five acres in the heart of the country, not far from Liverpool. In 1943 we rented ourselves an island in Loch Lomond. Our bitter experience there made us realize that we would do better to own our land, and we bought and settled on another island in the same lake.

Subsistence farming on submarginal land is a hopeless job; but when we sized up our situation a few years later, we found to our surprise that we had to some extent mastered island life. We had achieved a peasant standard of living at fearful cost, learned our own limitations and an appreciation of an entirely new set of values. We had come a long way from the flying days which seemed so extravagantly carefree in retrospect, and we had a long way to go before attaining a way of life in which there would be time "to stand and stare." In the normal course of a day's work there were riding, sailing, and shooting — though this last we limited to rabbits; we loathed killing birds. We could swim or fish whenever we cared to do so. Life was so full we had no need of vicarious entertainment and completely lost the taste for it.

But we were restless. So far we had achieved an end. And to some people achievement is in itself an end. But to us to go on is simply a repetition, to a greater or less degree, of all that has gone before.

We talked of emigrating, and we traveled round the world on the atlas but could not decide where to go. To emigrate seemed too final and irrevocable somehow.

"If only we could travel slowly and take a look at these countries before we settled," I said.

"Travel slowly and take a look at these countries," repeated Frank. "Hmm."

The next thing was that he came back from a business trip to Glasgow with a retriever look on his face and a sheaf of papers. Lists of yachts for sale. "Happened to pass a yacht broker's," he explained casually. "Thought it might be interesting to see what prices yachts are fetching these days."

From then on it was an intermittent conference on ways and means. The "way" was comparatively simple. We should find ourselves a small ship and leisurely sail the world until we found somewhere we liked well enough to settle in. If we did not find anywhere we would keep on going — the world is a large place.

The "means" was not so easy. There was the initial outlay and the following upkeep. We reckoned we should need £2000 to buy and fit out a ship, then reckoned there ought to be another £1000 at least in the kitty. Here we branched out into a frenzied argument as to how we should get

the money out of the country, until Frank grinned and said we'd better get it first.

"We'll leave it in the lap of the gods," said Frank. "If we can sell the island well, we'll go. If we can't, then we stay."

In short, we found we could sell the island well, and began preparations for departure with mixed feelings. Longing to go and sad at parting. Particularly with the animals; they had shared so much of our lives and struggles.

At the end of November, 1947, we were all ready to leave. A few oddments "wanted on voyage" were put into store, and with the rest of our belongings contained in thirteen suitcases we set out to find a ship.

We found the *Reliance* at Fleetwood. She had been a fishing boat and was a shambles above and below decks. Frank said the engine was a bunch of scrap but he was certain he could "sort" it. If he said so, I knew he could, but it looked like a long job to me.

In 1903 the *Reliance* had put to sea, complete down to the mustard pot, for the cost of £1200. We bought her, a hull and nothing more, for £1450, and we were glad to get her.

Plans for the refit were not elaborate: masts to be stepped; rerigging; sails to be found from somewhere; decking to be renewed here and there; the engine overhauled; and a cleanup generally below. Frank wanted the wheelhouse strengthened and fitted with a steel base-plate, and the battered engine coaming replaced by a steel structure, and foresaw there might be a little difficulty in getting these fabricated, but on the whole we did not expect the job to take very long or to be of exorbitant cost.

Our values were still tenaciously pre-war in spite of the price we had had to pay for *Reliance*, and we still believed it was only necessary to know what to do to be able to go ahead and do it.

2

Reliance was 70 feet overall, with a beam of 18.1 feet and draught of 9 feet 6 inches. She was built of pitch pine on oak frames, with a sheer strake of greenheart and garboard of English elm. The frames were doubled and so closely spaced she might have been built for Arctic exploration.

It was a good basis to build on, seeing that in 1947 she was practically as sound as ever.

Frank dreamed of putting her back to her old gaff rig if and when sails, spars, and hands were available, but was temporarily contented with a jib-headed main and Bermudan mizzen, which was, he philosophically remarked, as much as the two of us could handle anyway.

Below deck the finished accommodation from foreward to aft was forepeak, forecastle, then saloon. This was approximately 14 feet by 11 feet, which

made a sizable cabin. Before the joiners got to work and while it was still a hold 2000 gallons of fresh water was pumped through to clear out the accumulation of years of fish filth. We prepared the woodwork for painting ourselves and laboriously scraped forty-odd years of fish paint off the oak deck beams, which were then simply oiled and looked magnificent.

The galley was our pride. I shall never know a better galley to work in as it was exactly what I wanted. Possibly the only time in my life I shall ever attain just that. It was a compartment 6 feet by 5 feet 6 inches, and strictly utilitarian. There was no room for any of those superannuated, lidless, handleless, bottomless, useless, to-be-mended-one-day utensils which inevitably clutter a kitchen ashore. Pots and pans were kept to a minimum — I wanted but little there below and got that little good!

Aft of the engine room the accommodation was entirely new, and where there had once been one dark cabin was now a complete little home from home. Our stateroom had a double bunk with a locker at the foot, and two enormous drawers under, a seat locker, and a dressing table. Aft of our cabin on the port side was a small spare cabin, with a bunk which could be double or single as needed, with lockers and drawers and so forth. Then lastly was a locker containing a 60-gallon paraffin tank and space for paints and bosun's stores.

The whole layout was planned for ease of working at sea and comfort in port. Nothing was left to chance. For instance, there were three bilge pumps: an automatic bilge pump on the main engine; the pump operated by the auxiliary motor; and a hand bilge pump on deck — a hell of a thing with a 6-foot lever — on the port side of the steel engine coaming. One could move from one end of the ship to the other without going on deck, an invaluable asset in bad weather, and there were plenty of exits and entrances, so to speak — the forecastle hatch just forward of the windlass, the main hatch just aft of the mainmast, the engine hatch and the hatch in the wheelhouse, so that one could get on deck in rough stuff without groping for lifelines in heavy seas. The wheelhouse was strengthened by steel uprights and a steel base-plate.

Forward of the wheel was a mahogany chart-shelf (made from a couple of mantelshelves we had carted round with us for years with the idea they might Come in Useful), and fixed on the port side of this shelf was my pride and joy, the aviation compass. Its nautical equivalent was a deckhead fitting. Navigation lights were electric and there were two deck lamps on the front of the wheelhouse. Light switches and fuse panels were fixed on the aft bulkhead inside. Throttle and gear controls were operated through a system of wheels, chains, and shafts to the engine.

There was a mast winch on the deck by the main hatch. Three anchors — two heavy fisherman type and a kedge — were stowed in the bows, and an anchor davit was fitted on the port side of the stemhead. The davit was removable and could be used as a boat davit. We were still trying to replace the small boat and had not yet succeeded. Dinghies were as scarce as hen's teeth and prohibitively expensive. A Carley float was lashed to the starboard side of the wheelhouse. We thought it would be rather fun for bathing in tropical waters.

And I forgot to mention the two life jackets suspended under the wheelhouse shelf. A couple of Mae Wests — relics of our flying days.

3

WHEN at last we had reached the stage of being almost ready for sea, when we should have been planning shakedown cruises, ordering stores, studying charts, and generally enjoying the fruits of our labors, we were tied to the quayside by a horrible tangle of financial complications. If only we had sailed early before matters got out of hand, we should have been at the other side of the Atlantic, pounding out journals, articles, books, and working the ship, gathering in pieces of eight to clear off the dead wood, before anyone would have been the wiser or been able to do anything about it. If only we had sold *Reliance* at the top of the market. . . . If, if, if. . . .

We could not do these things anyway. We could not clear out in the early days of our troubles because the ship was not ready, nor were we ready to take such a step. We still had some belief that all would come right in the end. We could not sell the ship because she was not complete, and to part with her would have broken Frank's heart. I did suggest something of the sort when I saw how things were going — we were by no means in the red, but money was melting away like snow on the desert's face, and I recognized the path we were following.

But Frank was so in love with the ship. "Sell her?" he said. "For why? It's going to be a tight squeeze. But we'll make out. Look, Ann," he went on slowly, "I can't start again. I am sick of starting things. This is the last. I have put everything of myself into *Reliance* — she is more than just a ship. . . ."

At the beginning of the refit it seemed we had plenty of cash for the job and in fact we were more concerned as to how to be able to use it abroad. At the end of the job we were broke, with a pack of creditors snapping at our heels, and Frank, drawing on reserves of wry philosophy, said, "Well, we've one worry less now — how to get our money out of the country."

We paid a considerable sum for *Reliance* in the first place because we wanted her — that was the

price; the seller would not take less and we could afford to pay it. We did not *have* to have her. But we did take exception to what struck us as a series of altogether excessive overcharges and scamped jobs. For instance, the mast showed signs of softness above the hounds and instructions were given for the decaying timber to be removed and a graving piece inserted; but the workman (he was obviously no craftsman) slammed on a bit of putty and called it a day. Frank rioted over this and eventually, after further smart pieces of evasive action, the job was done properly. But it was all charged for.

We took a firm stand over the questionable items and refused to pay, which resulted in writs being hurled at the ship, a form of blackmail, hallowed by time and long usage, for a ship cannot move with a writ on her. If one's livelihood depends upon the working of the vessel, one is expected to pay up and go quietly to avoid legal proceedings. For the Admiralty Court is a mill that grinds very slowly indeed: proceedings are long-drawn-out and excessively expensive. It is therefore often cheaper to meet excessive demands rather than fight with the ship lying idle for months. But we fought. A legal wrestle with no holds barred on either side. We were so infuriated we made no secret of what was going on, and many a fisherman agreed it was time someone took a stand against this sort of thing. But for themselves they never dared to. "It's all right for you," they said; "you don't have to live here, we do." But it was not all right for us. True, it was all eventually settled out of court, and we won our point, but the delays and expenses cleaned us out, taking not only all we had got but what we had not got besides. There was a mortgage on *Reliance* and this was eaten away too.

We advertised for partners to share the cruising or working of the ship, and "paying guests" whom we were prepared to sail to any destination. There were thousands of people then bitten by the idea of emigrating. People unable to settle into peacetime niches; people tired of the bonds of socialism; people tired of the bonds of any civilization — all turning their eyes to distant lands across the sea, but thwarted because shipping space was so short after the war and waiting lists were so long.

Most of the answers to our advertisements were from impoverished people, eager, they said, to work their fingers to the bone for us if only we would take them along.

We worked out a scheme for commercial traveling on a big scale, turning *Reliance* into a floating showroom to exhibit Britain's wares abroad. As everyone was busy yapping about the supreme importance of the export trade, we thought we were on to something good. It was an original idea, and indeed the project excited quite a lively interest. Levers' overseas sales manager kept us on the hop for six weeks, but in the end it was decided

that Levers could not afford the luxury of a sailing showroom, seeing they could easily sell the limited amount they were able to produce at that time. We followed trail after abortive trail. Traveling in French brandy suggested appealing possibilities but the various offers made were not enough in themselves to cover our liabilities and it was impossible to negotiate by remote control.

We tried to charter *Reliance*, willing to let her go without us even, so that we might keep her in the end, but failed even in that.

Then a Dutchman contacted us from Holland. He was a master mariner. Had been trading in the South Seas for the past nine years and was in Europe looking out for a ship and a partner to take back to the Pacific. Romance and finance. What a combination! Lagoons and swaying palms, coconuts, copra — and cockroaches — dizzied our imaginations. It was an exciting correspondence. But faded to nothing.

By the summer of 1948 the situation had grown pretty desperate. No longer able to meet mortgage repayments, we borrowed £250 on a promissory note, to keep up to date, determined to shanghai a skipper and get fishing. But it was no use. Time went on until the mortgagees suggested something must be done. They were mild and very fair, even suggesting if we cared to remortgage elsewhere they would speak kindly of us. We hawked *Reliance* round every finance house in the country, while still pursuing elusive skippers, partners, and passengers. But markets were closed, money was tight, times were hard. Suddenly, without warning. We could not believe it. Reduced to the lowest ebb of living, we had not enough money to buy food. Sly periodic visits to the pawnbrokers reduced our stock of personal treasures but enabled us to continue advertising, letter writing, telephoning, and to keep up a spurious appearance of well-being.

We racked our brains frenziedly for articles, some of which brought in checks. But payment was slow and the amounts about as useful a contribution as a tumblerful of water thrown over Niagara Falls.

Finally the mortgagees, having exercised more patience than we could ever have hoped for, said they must foreclose. We begged one last boon. If *Reliance* had to go, we asked if we might sell her ourselves, a private sale being more hopeful of profit than a forced one. To this they agreed and the ship was placed in the hands of agents.

For six months she was on the market and we did not get so much as a bid. No one had ever doubted the value of the vessel. The manager of one of the biggest trawling companies had given his opinion that she was worth between £10,000 and £12,000. He had no axe to grind and we had no reason to disbelieve him. We had spent over £6000 on her. And of this total we owed only £2000.

Frank, stricken at the thought of losing the ship without even having had a sail out of her, kept murmuring, "It's fantastic . . . there *must* be some way. . . ."

On Christmas Eve, 1948, we received notice of foreclosure.

Legal formalities regarding foreclosure went through the courts in London some time early in the New Year. We were given ten days in which to make a complete settlement. We did our desperate best, but of course were unable to do anything of the sort. And inexplicably nothing happened. The ten days dragged on into weeks and even months without our hearing anything more from the mortgagees. We did not know where we stood. They were no doubt generously giving us every chance, but the uncertainty was killing.

Then the people from whom we had borrowed the £250 brought out a summons against us. Heaven knows they too had waited long enough for their money, but they had gambled on an exceedingly high rate of interest. Their action was precipitate. And it was our undoing. The case would obviously go against us. It would mean a writ on the ship and ruination to any chances of an auction sale successful enough to meet all our debts. For to have a sale at that time was bad enough, but with a writ on the ship as well . . . We hadn't a chance.

By the beginning of May we had still heard nothing from the auctioneers; no date for sale, so far as we knew, was fixed, and it seemed that our dismal affairs were to be dragged through the courts first.

One morning, sitting in the saloon working half-heartedly on a manuscript, more with the intention of keeping my mind off present anxieties than of achieving much in the way of rewriting, I paused to watch Frank, pacing to and fro like a caged tiger. Suddenly he stopped: —

"Ann, I cannot stand any more of this. Let's clear out."

It was as if life — our life together — turned a swift somersault and landed up on its feet facing the other way. Because I knew he meant it. There is a limit to what anyone can stand. You did not have to look very searchingly at Frank's strained and haggard face to realize he had reached that limit. I thought of all that lay ahead. The grubby misery of the law courts. Writs on the mast. Brokers in the ship. Ignominies of a forced sale. Vultures swarming over *Reliance*. Losing her to someone to whom she would be just another ship. Someone else's bargain ("Silly beggar overspent himself"). All Frank's efforts, the culmination of his hopes and aims, to come to nothing. All the years that had gone before, years of struggle and endeavor, valueless.

"Not even to have had a sail out of her," he was saying savagely.

"At least we can have that," said I, putting down my pen to roll a couple of cigarettes. He took the shaggy little cigarette automatically, looking at me narrowly.

"Do you mean that?"

He slumped into the swivel chair on the other side of the table and lit up. "No," he said slowly. "No. I can't drag you into that. I'll take her myself. . . ."

"You bloody won't." It was my turn to be savage. "The rough *and* the smooth. I've had quite enough of the rough — and you needn't think you can keep the fun to yourself. *Reliance* goes to sea and I go with her. . . ."

"It is not as though we've spent our all on riotous living," he said irreverently. "Christ, I'm beginning to wish we had. . . . We've sweated and worked and believed for years. . . . One bad break after another. It's too much. From now on the game is going to be played my way. To my rules. And if anything goes adrift it will be entirely my fault. And that will be a change. We will sail *Reliance* across to the States, or Cuba, or somewhere, and we will have a chance to sell her for something like her value. She'll have an Atlantic crossing to her credit. That should be worth something."

"And a story that will make the headlines," said I with an eye to the main chance. "That should be worth something too."

"It's our only chance, as I see it, of meeting these liabilities. You never know, we might be able to work it to keep the ship. Get a job for her that will pay off our debts, which certainly won't happen here. And I'm damned if I am going to wait like a chicken for the axe. But if the worst happens and we have to part with her, at least we will have the advantage of starting again in the sunshine."

"And we will have had a sail," said I, gathering up the manuscript.

4

TIME was short. Less than a fortnight remained before May 17, the date of the court proceedings. We had to get away before the writ was clamped on the ship. To get away after would be pretty well impossible, and to attempt to do so would invite really serious trouble. Contempt of court on top of everything else would be just about the end.

We picked Havana for our destination. We realized the ship would probably be seized on arrival, but Havana seemed to be as good a spot as anywhere to be held. Sailing date was fixed for Sunday, May 15. The tide was right then, around midday, when the quay would be deserted — nothing short of an earthquake will keep a Lancashireman from his Sunday dinner — and we could make our departure unnoticed. A night departure, though more in keeping with the project, would entail too much risk. We wanted everything

on our side, and daylight was more to our advantage than darkness. We were taking an untried vessel out an unknown — to us — and admittedly difficult channel.

Our plans for the voyage were briefly to "steam" (full speed ahead) down the Irish Sea, keeping over to the Irish side, until well into the Atlantic, where we would blow down the boilers so to speak, hoist sail, and amble southwards to about the 23rd parallel, pick up the trade winds, and turn our flight westwards to Cuba.

Everything salable in our possession which made no contribution to the working of the ship we sold. Articles hitherto regarded as indispensable, such as the typewriter, or of irreplaceable sentimental value, all went. Memories need no tangible reminder and one can write with a pen. Pressure was brought to bear on those who had borrowed from us in our more prosperous moments in the past. Thus, unpleasantly, money was acquired to make departure possible. Obstructive accounts were settled. We began to lay in stores.

It was essential *Reliance* did not appear in any respect ready for sea. Tailings of the refit, rope ends, bits of matchboarding, holoplast and oddments, littered the deck. Sails were left casually dumped on the engine coaming. Below, bookshelves were left unfilled, and ornaments bestrewed the saloon, houseboat fashion. Hoping for a continuance of the prevailing fine weather, we intended to get shipshape at sea and watched the barograph keenly, listened daily to weather reports. Stores were brought aboard in penny numbers and hidden away immediately. But there was no secret method of filling up with Diesel oil. This meant notifying the oil company and moving *Reliance* down the quay to the end of the basin. An operation that would undoubtedly attract a lot of attention. Because of this and possible repercussions I wanted to leave taking on oil to the last moment, but Frank said, "Let's get it aboard," and made arrangements for tanking up on the morning tide of Monday, May 9. And pretending the engine was out of commission, fixed for a fishing boat to tow her into the basin. As the whole operation had to be done in the open it seemed best to bluff it out. And it was as well we did. Old-timers halted on the quay as the oil pipes were slung aboard. "This looks more like it," they approved. "Happen you'll be going soon."

"Aye, one of these days," said we, cheerfully.

On our way back to our berth the fishermen cast off too soon. *Reliance* was swept off on the outgoing tide and fetched up on the dredger chain stretching across from the quay to the dredger. Pandemonium. People danced on the quay and threw lines. The little fishing boat dashed up and down like a distraught bumblebee. Lines went hurtling through the air to land from all directions. Amidst the shouting and the hooah, silly with laughter, we

got a line out to a boat by the quay, whose fisherman started up the capstan and hauled us back out of trouble. Secure in our berth we leaned against the wheelhouse, mopped our brows and wiped our eyes.

"Good job we didn't try to make a secret of this," said Frank.

A few days later I blundered down the companionway with a load of provisions, to find Frank entertaining in the saloon. I pitched the purchases into the galley and went in.

"This is Mr. Blank," said Frank without so much as a warning flicker, "from the Ministry of Transport."

A tall grizzled stranger rose from the settee at the end of the table, holding out his hand and keeping his head down, as one who has learned the decapitating properties of small ships the hard way. "We heard you were leaving soon," he said genially, "and I have just come round to see what you are up to." Mr. Blank smiled. "I have been meaning to visit you for some time," he said. "Your name has been lying on my desk — you see, we are . . . er . . . interested in all craft preparing to go abroad. Then we heard you were ready for sea. I had to visit another boat here this morning and I thought I would take the opportunity to drop in on you."

He turned to Frank. "You promised to let us know when you were going," he added a little reproachfully.

"So I did. But I am not ready yet. What makes you think so?"

"When you fill up with oil, the company serving you notify Customs and Customs tell us."

"Oh," said Frank, legitimately surprised.

Mr. Blank from the Ministry of Transport studied the deckhead. "Oh yes," he said, "you cannot do anything these days without its being notified, checked, and indexed."

We laughed. Not hollowly; nor yet too heartily. I wished he would go. I wanted to ask Frank if he too read a warning in those words. Or was I getting jumpy?

"What I am mainly concerned with," went on Mr. Blank smoothly, "is whether your navigation lights conform with regulations. If you want to sink yourselves, that is your affair, but we cannot have you sinking other people."

"Quite so," said Frank pompously, on firmer ground. "Come and have a look round." Together they plodded off on a tour of the ship, affably discussing details of M.O.T. requirements. I went into the galley, ostensibly to see about lunch, in reality to relax my face and brood.

Frank bounded into the galley a little while later. "What do you make of that?" he said.

I shook my head. I didn't know.

It was all very disturbing. We felt as if we were walking blindfolded along the edge of a precipice.

Preparations reached a climax on Saturday, the day before we planned to sail. Frank and I rushed on separate tasks to and from the town, bringing back loads of gear and goods. Time after time we sallied forth. Time after time we staggered back to dump our loads aboard; then off again to collect the next batch. Shopping for stores for an eight-week voyage was fatiguing. The purchases had to be spread over several different shops. To buy 40 pounds of flour from one grocer's would disrupt the whole organization and clinch any rumors going. We were tired, and ready to start at our own shadows. Strangers seemed unnecessarily inquisitive. One in particular, felt-hatted, fawn-mackintoshed, loitered on the quay in the vicinity of *Reliance* with what seemed to us sinister significance.

At last we were finished. On my last trip back from town I ran into Frank, resting inexpressibly weary on a large tin box parked on the quay, talking to a Polish fisherman. They were discussing our mythical summer cruise, arguing hotly the number of souls needed to sail *Reliance*.

"It is not as though I shall be singlehanded," Frank was saying as I came up. The fisherman looked at me with nettling scorn, showing what he thought of my capabilities as a hand.

"You can go without food," he said. "But you can't go without sleep. That's what gets you. You are like drunk. . . ."

He staggered a bit to show how like drunk you are without sleep.

Last thing on Saturday night we wrote letters. Frank wrote to the mortgagees:—

As I have not as yet been able to find a private buyer or suitable charter, and as the financial position prevents me from using the ship as a working fishing smack for profit, it seems that I cannot but look forward to a "forced sale" auction, and with today's buying market it is obvious that the price realized will be a poor one, and leave me little or nothing after meeting your requirements.

I have made the most exhaustive efforts to avoid this becoming necessary, for *everything* we have is in the ship and two years' work and worry.

My only alternative is to sail the ship to a destination where she will bring her value, and this is the course I am taking today. I will get in touch with you in due course, and advise you as to how funds will be passed to you to meet my liability.

I deeply regret the trouble that I am putting you to and assure you that I would not have taken this action if there had been any other alternative available. . . .

"We'll post these just before we sail," he said.

(To be continued)

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

SPEAKING of houses, I went back to my home town a few weekends ago; and driving in from the airport, as we approached the Country Club I saw that the Dimock house, a landmark of my youth, had disappeared. It was not a historic place — just a capacious family home crowning a sloping lawn, which for three generations had stood for comfort and good standards. But evidently it had become too big and old-fashioned for the younger generation. So there was the gaping hole; a couple of the big trees had been felled in the removal, and even the stables were down — and I felt the momentary twinge of an old-timer remembering the grace that was gone.

As our towns have grown, the old residences have sunk without a trace, and the change today is moving so rapidly that it is a rare thing for an American family to live for more than half a generation under the same roof. There is very little sentiment in real estate; but as I travel the country, it seems to me a pity that so few of our cities have been able to preserve even two or three dwellings out of their historic past. Richmond has, of course; and so have those sleeping beauties, Natchez and Charleston. But the old part of Baltimore has gone under, just as historic New Orleans will slip out of sight if someone does not take care. The big river mansions of St. Joseph, Missouri, are ramshackle, and the De Menil mansion in St. Louis, with its lovely brickwork and iron grille, is a solitary ghost, as lonely-looking as the tiny blockhouse at the meeting of the rivers in Pittsburgh.

Boston has been fortunate in preserving till today the Bulfinch houses on Beacon Hill, the fine brick fronts of Louisburg Square, and the Georgian (call it Federal if you prefer) symmetry of Chestnut Street; but even these will be threatened as the cost of maintenance goes up. As he walked down Mt. Vernon Street with me a year ago, Francis

Henry Taylor, Director of the Metropolitan Museum, remarked that a place of such beauty and character should never be let go. "It ought to be preserved," he said, "by a national trust if necessary." Preservation comes high (though not as high as restoration) in these days of high taxes.

The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities now cares for some fifty-seven properties — beautiful dwellings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a gristmill, a burying ground, a cooperage shop. And I must say I admire the spirit of the citizens of Salem who, when Chestnut Street, where the great McIntire houses stand lawn to lawn, was threatened, pooled their interests to form the Chestnut Street Associates, pledged to keep that most beautiful street lived in and intact. In its way this seems to me quite as notable as the rebuilding of Williamsburg.

The Chestnut Street houses are going to be open to the public for one day this year, and they are a sight to see. June 25 is the date, and if, like myself, you have a hankering for places which lend themselves so beautifully to the imagination, you will be there. Chestnut Street, Salem, in the morning, luncheon on the road, and then in the afternoon a visit to Beauport at Gloucester, which some consider the most fascinating house in America. Then, while in the mood, spend another morning in Marblehead visiting the King-Hooper house and the Lee mansion, beautifully restored by Mrs. Francis B. Crowninshield; take lunch on the Newburyport Turnpike and devote the afternoon to Portsmouth, where there are nine notable houses within close radius, including the Moffat-Ladd house, the Thomas Bailey Aldrich house, the home of Sarah Orne Jewett, and on the outskirts the Jackson house, perhaps the oldest in New Hampshire.

A visit like this helps to keep each one of these mansions alive; but what is more, it preserves for the visitor the associations, the filaments of the past, which are part of our vanishing heritage. If readers are interested I will give a more specific itinerary later, in the spring.

Before you go to Gloucester I suggest that you look at *Beauport* (Hastings House, \$3.75), the pictures by Samuel Chamberlain, the text by Paul Hollister. This is the introduction you need to the unique house which Henry Sleeper built on Eastern Point. Mr. Sleeper began it as a three-room summer cottage; and then, because he was a gifted architect and a magnetic collector, he went on to build a forty-room labyrinth, each room a

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The Transvaal

Daphne Rooke spent her first thirty-three years in South Africa, and she knows the Transvaal by heart — knows its dialect, the heat of the veld, the stolid strength of the Boers, and the abasement suffered by the Kaffirs and the half-castes. Against this background, in the years leading up to the Boer War, she tells the story of two women whose lives were woven together inextricably: Mittee — Maria Van Brandenburg — gay, quick-tempered, the spoiled darling of Plessisburg, and Selina, her colored maid. Selina is the narrator, and in her quick, natural idiom and with the stress of her changing emotions the novel *Mittee* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00) takes form.

Selina, whose father is an English peddler, adores her "Nonnie," but she is equally jealous of the conquests that come to Mittee so easily, and when Mittee holds off her lover, Paul Du Plessis, beyond restraint, Selina takes him. So begins the rivalry which is to poison the trust between them though it never kills their affection.

The women are drawn together by their love of Paul, by the loss of their children, and by the hardship which steals into their happy valley with the coming of the English. In all of this we follow the unpredictable play of Selina's moods; she can be winsome or passionate, plaintive or hilarious. The author, of course, has taken poetic license in making her so articulate, indeed so lyrical, in what she says. The laughter with which she watches old Gouws oil his beard and take his pills, the rage with which she rips up Mittee's wedding silk, the tenderness which she comes to feel for her husband Fanie, the temptation with which she torments Paul — these are the unpredictable moods which make this romance so readable.

The Northwest

Winds of Morning by **H. L. Davis** (Morrow, \$3.50) is a rare narrative in any season — I like the country it is laid in, the Columbia River valley; the characterizations, which are telling; and the style, which is supple and masculine. The story is the story of a young sheriff's assistant, Amos Clarke, who is trying to live up to the lean, hard tradition of the Northwest. He has been flimflammed by one of the big operators in this grazing country, the lawyers have made a monkey of him in court, and the jury (some of them bought) have brought in a verdict he knows to be wrong.

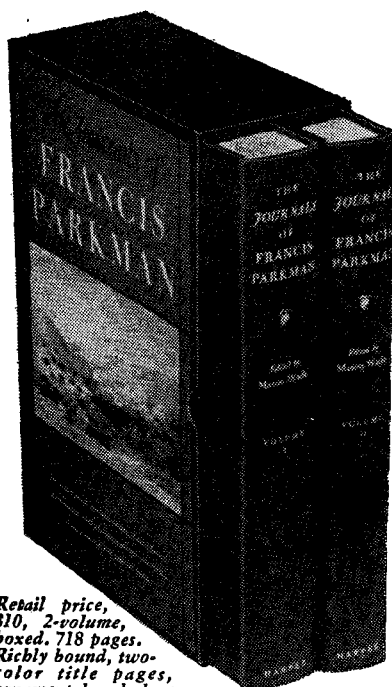
Amos is disgusted with the law and glad to leave the courthouse on an assignment to round up some wild horses that have been loose on the railroad track. In the act he meets old Hendricks, a decent, virile guy, and before long the pair of them — the oldster and the sheriff's assistant — are drawn back into the fight against the big operator and his crooked, ugly foreman, Busick.

The book gets off to a fast start and the pace never slows. The style is the man; and the man of course is young Amos, and you share his impressions so accurately that it is not until you put the book down that you appreciate the full force of his personality and the scope and weight of his (and your vicarious) experiences. Amos wants to believe that his part of the country can recover from the corruption eating into it, and in this he is supported by his friendship with Hendricks, who knew the land when it was virgin and who has the tenacity and wisdom of experience. The book is full of good scenes — I remember particularly the dawn by the pond when Amos in his blankets identifies by the sounds the animals who have come down to drink; and perhaps the most stirring of all, Hendricks's account of how he once prospered in the young country. This is pungent Americana and a hard book to beat.

The Middle West

The Middle West, in which I spend a fortnight every autumn, is a region hospitable, richly endowed, and more rigorously conservative than either of the coasts. In its political thinking it is led by Hoover and Taft and influenced sometimes more than it realizes by McCormick. Because of its conservatism it lends itself to satire quite as readily as Boston, and in his novel *Jefferson Selleck* (Little, Brown, \$3.00) **Carl Jonas** has responded to this opportunity by writing the *George Apley* of the Middle West.

Jeff tells the story on himself, a tape recording made in the hospital and at home during his long convalescence from a heart attack. In his prime he had been two-fisted and popular. He had prospered in business and in Republican politics (he was in charge of "Noise" at the National Convention of 1948). He was a good soldier, a good hunter, and a good drinker, and not much given to self-questioning until his pump faltered. Then, at Doctor Crocker's suggestion and to escape the appalling bleakness ahead, he looks back and inward to recall the high points of his life. Jeff sounds very consistent as he rambles along; his locution and, at sensitive moments, his candor are no better than they should be. The story is given further verisimilitude by the footnotes supplied by the doctor and Tom, Jeff's son. I am not sure that Gateway City and points west will accept this portraiture as always honest and accurate, but Boston with a fellow feeling is enjoying it.



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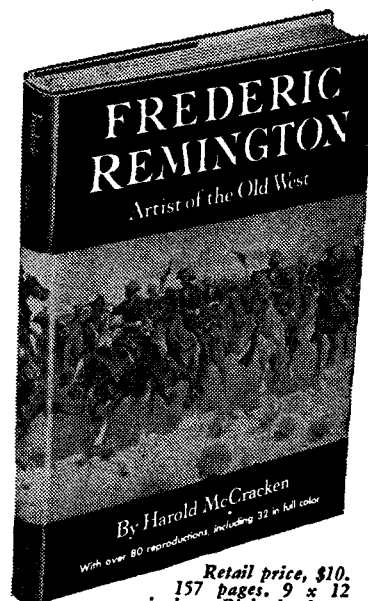
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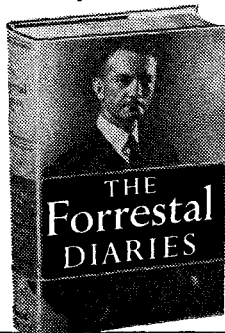


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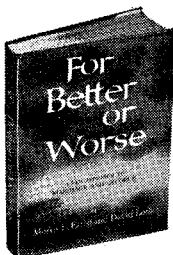
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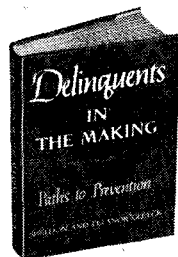
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



The Accused (Simon and Schuster, \$4.00) by **Alexander Weissberg** is one of the more remarkable items in the voluminous literature on Stalin's Russia. As Arthur Koestler says in his preface, "This book is in several respects unique . . . a tale which brings closer to the reader than any other published before the inner mechanism of the most extraordinary terror regime in human history."

In 1931, Weissberg, a 30-year-old Austrian physicist and engineer active in the Communist Party, was summoned to a post at the Ukrainian Physical Technical Institute at Kharkov, where he soon earned an outstanding reputation. When the Great Purge got under way in 1936, Weissberg's wife, from whom he was separated, was arrested on preposterous charges. He appealed to influential friends on her behalf, and presently he was arrested himself.

The Accused describes the thirty-three months that Weissberg spent in Russia's "inner prisons." The high point of the story, dramatically, is Weissberg's experience of "The Conveyor" — the nonstop system of interrogation by which the G.P.U. transformed the toughest personalities into automata who played out, faithfully, the guilty role assigned to them. Weissberg's role was to testify that he had conspired with the "Bukharinite Block" to assassinate Stalin, sabotage plants, and so on. After seven days and nights of The Conveyor, he signed a confession; later he withdrew it. There followed four days of The Conveyor and a second confession, which was also repudiated. Weissberg was again put on The Conveyor, but this time the G.P.U. gave up after twenty-four hours. It was probably his Austrian citizenship which saved him from the normal sequel: a bullet in the neck. His story ends when the Russian police, following the Nazi-Soviet Pact, turned him and other Austrian and German Communists over to the Gestapo (from whom he eventually escaped into the Polish Underground).

Koestler describes Weissberg as "a kind of human jack-in-the-box";

a phenomenally resilient man with a certain thick-skinnedness, great presence of mind, and an unquenchable optimism and sense of humor. All this is apparent in *The Accused*, which, though it deals with a witches' Sabbath of modern despotism, is not, amazingly, depressing reading. Weissberg has recorded his ordeal with the zestful curiosity and analytic objectivity of a scientist writing up some fantastic experiment — and he impresses one as a completely reliable and keen-eyed witness. His long, rambling, highly discursive narrative is studded with masterly sketches of the procession of characters whom he met up with in the various prisons. In parts, *The Accused* is even gruesomely funny: Weissberg's dialectical tenacity so bedeviled his inquisitors that one of them exclaimed: "Alexander Semyonovitch, why do you keep torturing us?"

In the early stages of the Great Purge no physical violence was used on The Conveyor; when the mass arrests began, word went down from the Kremlin that beatings might be introduced to speed up confessions. But Weissberg, in his experience with interrogators and prison officials, encountered virtually none of the sadism which flourished in the SS and the Gestapo.

Weissberg estimates (by an ingenious system of computation) that eight million people were arrested in the Purge years: the overwhelming majority were quite innocent of so-called "counter-revolutionary activity," yet all confessed to fantastic crimes. In Weissberg's view, the Purge started out as an attempt by Stalin to liquidate those groups most likely to remember the failures of his regime and most likely to retain an attachment to freedom. The practice of making every prisoner incriminate others caused the Terror to get so completely out of hand that eventually it bore down on many of the most ardent Stalinists.

The Acheson record

The campaign to force Dean Acheson out of office, and the scurrilous attacks that went with it, have sown a great deal of confusion as to what manner of man Acheson is and the course he has pursued as Secretary of State. For such as care to make a thoroughgoing inspection of the record, **McGeorge Bundy**, a Republican, has brought together in *The Pattern of Responsibility* (Hough-

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ton Mifflin, \$4.00) a collection of Acheson's statements — speeches, press conferences, reports to the President — and has organized them, with a succinct commentary, into a connected account of U.S. foreign policy since Acheson's appointment on January 7, 1949. Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman has contributed an introduction.

The statements made in the political arena are usually so full of platitude, turgidity, and even bad grammar that the most striking thing, perhaps, about the Acheson papers is the high specific gravity of their content; the quiet force and clarity with which they marshal facts and arguments; the aptness with which Acheson draws on his wide learning; and, not least, his dry and telling wit.

I find it hard to see, on the basis of the printed record, how the charge that Acheson is an appeaser of Communism can be regarded as anything but a classic example of what the late George Orwell called "doublethink." After playing a leading role in the formation of the Truman Doctrine, Acheson has steadily worked to build up "situations of strength" against Communism; he has consistently maintained that top-level negotiation with Stalin is useless until the West is in a position of decisive supremacy. His attackers, for the most part, have demonstrated their "toughness" toward Russia by seeking, ever since the U.S. began to get tough with Russia, to whittle down American military and financial aid to Europe.

As far as the China fracas is concerned, Mr. Bundy reminds us that the great defeats of Chiang Kai-shek occurred at a time when Acheson was not in the State Department at all. When he took office in 1949, the big question was whether to make a last great effort to save Chiang; the Administration decided against this on the basis of the facts set forth in the White Paper which made Acheson the target of the infamous China Lobby. Acheson's statements about China policy can now be conveniently examined: they may well contain errors of judgment, but there is no sign of tenderness toward the Chinese Communists.

The record shows Acheson to be a staunch exponent of the philosophy that "politics is the art of the possible." He once said to the House Foreign Affairs Committee: "In this particular age . . . we do not have the choice between something that is

highly desirable and something that is undesirable. We have choices between undesirables." His views — notably on the subject of German Rearmament and Spain — have evolved in response to the pressure of events. But he is guided by one all-embracing principle: "We must deal with . . . problems within a pattern of responsibility. We must act with the consciousness that our responsibility is to interests which are broader than our own immediate American interests. Great empires have risen in this world and have collapsed because they took too narrow a view."

American dancer

Agnes de Mille's outspoken autobiography, *Dance to the Piper* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.50), an abridgment of which has appeared in this magazine, is the most spirited and entertaining personal history I have read in quite some time; and one of the few books which glowingly project the magic of the dance without romanticization or any trace of chi-chi. It is, incidentally, the first work of nonfiction to be a Literary Guild Selection since 1943.

Miss de Mille writes with crisp vigor and an astringent wit — and her story is a natural: it has the pattern of a three-act play with three dramatic "curtains." A child, the daughter of wealthy, cultivated parents, becomes infatuated with the dance. Her family insists on raising her to be "a lady," but consents to dancing lessons. She begins the long, relentless discipline — the daily physical agony — that goes into the making of a dancer's body. After graduation (cum laude) from college, there are hideously discouraging auditions in New York. She gives a recital; the applause is enormous, the *Times* notice glowing — "To my dumbfoundment, I found I was a comedian." (First Act Curtain.)

There follow, however, years of frustration and harrowing struggle. Her first assignment to compose the dances for a Broadway show ends in heartbreak. Recitals in Paris and Brussels are dismally handled by her managers. In London, in Marie Rambert's Ballet Club, she becomes associated with Antony Tudor and Hugh Laing and wins sustained recognition by the British public; but her career is costing her money, and her family's finances are on the downgrade. Back in the United States, she runs into a cycle of disappoint-

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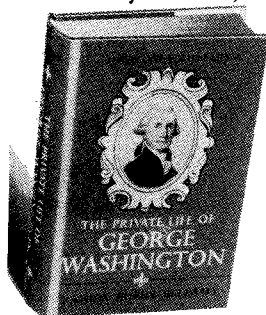
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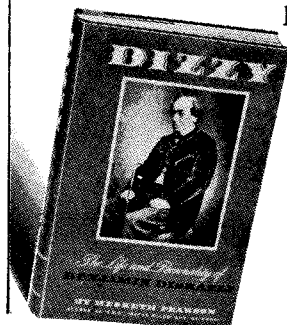
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ments. Then she composes *Rodeo* for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and scores a smashing success. (Curtain.)

In the Third Act she takes Broadway by storm with the dances in *Oklahoma!* and the story ends: "I went west to my bridegroom."

Interwoven with the personal history, there are fascinating pages about every aspect of the dance world — about choreography, ballets in rehearsal, backstage intrigue, sexual mores, the grueling life of dancers on tour. There are forthright sketches and appraisals of many of the leading figures in the ballet (I especially remember the vivid pictures of Pavlova and Martha Graham). Miss de Mille's verdicts are, of course, sometimes controversial, but she unquestionably has the rare gift of being able to write expressively and lucidly about the dance.

Dance to the Piper is, in effect, an informal history of the ballet's renaissance in the United States in the past two decades, and of the emergence of a new tradition in the dance. "Ballet gesture," writes Miss de Mille, "had always been based on the classic technique and whatever deviated from this occurred only in comedy

caricatures. . . . We were trying to diversify the root impulse . . . we were adding gestures and rhythms we had grown up with, using them seriously for the first time. . . . The younger choreographers believe that every gesture must be proper to a particular character under particular circumstances. . . . The line between dancing and acting is no longer clearly marked."

Troubled summer

Jean Stafford's third novel, *The Catherine Wheel* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00), while vastly superior to most current fiction, is a somewhat disappointing work for a writer who, with *Boston Adventure* and *The Mountain Lion*, has proved herself to be one of the most talented novelists of the generation now in its thirties. Miss Stafford's theme — treated in two keys, each of which modulates the other — is the shock of rejection, the emotional isolation that ensues, and the eventual recognition that the cause of the suffering was not worthy of it. This is not a slight theme, but despite beautiful writing and meticulous craftsmanship, the novel seems a bit lacking in force and in size.

Twelve-year-old Andrew Shipley has come with his twin sisters to spend the summer holidays at Cousin Katherine's mansion in a staid little seaside resort called Hawthorne Smothered by school and a pedagogical governess and parents "whom he barely knew and did not understand," Andrew, since childhood, has passionately looked forward to the summers spent at Hawthorne while his parents are in Europe. At Hawthorne he has found the perfect friend, Victor, the seamstress's son, a worldly-wise, ragged, raffish boy, prodigiously adept at making life exciting. But this summer Victor's older brother, Charles, a sailor whom he hero-worships, has come home sick, and Andrew finds himself forsaken.

Some twenty summers earlier, Katherine Congreve had lost Andrew's father, John, to her bewitching cousin, Maeve. John and Maeve, thinking she had deliberately brought them together, had insisted they must always remain a triumvirate; and they had bruised her, unsuspectingly, until the hurt became the armature of her whole thought and conduct. She grew into a graceful, beautifully poised woman, much admired by men, but firmly settled in an old-fashioned, spinsterish pattern of existence. And now John Shipley — irascible and self-pitying in his middle age — has discovered that he loves Katherine and has made her promise to start a new life with him when he returns from Europe.

The situation I have outlined is, in fact, a rough summary of what has been unfolded just short of the ending: there is little dramatic progression in the present. I was left with a sense that the author had spent most of her time "briefing" the reader about her protagonists; that the novel, for all the brilliance of its detail, had never got under way.

Potpourri

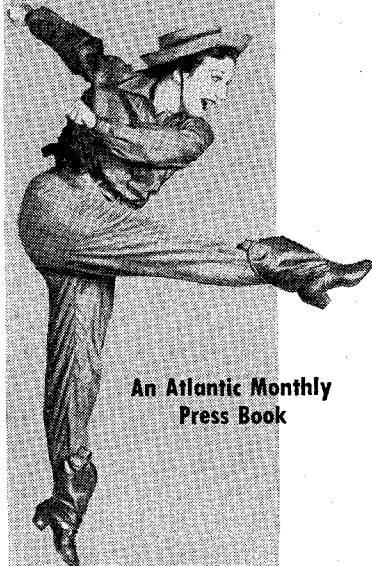
THE SEASON'S DIFFERENCE by Frederick Buechner. Knopf, \$3.50.

This second novel by the author of *A Long Day's Dying* seems to me a book by a writer with a gift for subtly nuanced, intricately spangled prose — and nothing significant to say. There are a number of brilliant, amusing passages, but random virtuosity does not make a novel. The setting is a summer colony, and I will let the author sum up the plot himself in the words of one of his characters: "A man has a vision, or thinks he has, then tries

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to arrange another . . . and fails. Then another man, an old one this time and a minister, goes a little berserk and marries some children to one another. The mothers have a series of minor fits, the old man tries to climb up a tree and in the process . . . breaks his neck. . . . Very sad, yes, and certainly unsettling." To this reader it was neither sad nor unsettling — it was phony.

BACK TO MANDALAY by Lowell Thomas. Greystone Press, \$3.50.

Mr. Thomas tells one of the great adventure stories of the Second World War — General Orde Wingate's second expedition into Burma, in which Phil Cochran's U.S. Air Commandos played a spectacular role. The glider-borne landing of Wingate's spearhead is an utterly fabulous episode: several hundred troops, plus heavy equipment, mules, and even a bulldozer, were towed at night across lofty mountains and deposited, with little loss of life, on a strip of elephant grass far behind the Japanese lines. The leading figures in the story are a picturesque, daredevil bunch; and at the center of everything is the extraordinary personality of Wingate, the "Lawrence" of Burma.

SYBIL by Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00.

Mr. Auchincloss (whose stories have appeared in the *Atlantic*) is one of the few authors in America who write about what is left of Society without snobbery, caricature, or righteous indignation. This second novel of his — the first appeared under a pseudonym — is the story of Sybil Rodman who, as a girl, is a misfit in the social world to which she belongs; she prefers history to parties, and her painful shyness rapidly discourages young men. To everyone's astonishment, she makes the matrimonial catch of the season. But a few years later her husband strays into an affair; they separate; and presently Sybil becomes the subject of scandalous gossip. The course she eventually chooses is the kind of mature compromise which occurs more frequently in life than in contemporary fiction.

This is a civilized novel, neither powerful nor profound, but thoroughly adult, well-written, and with an individuality of its own.

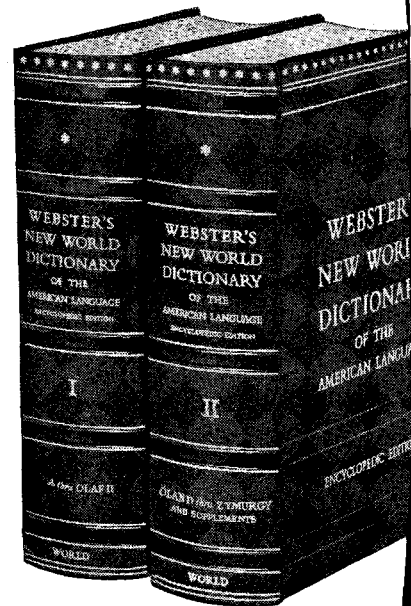
SPARK OF LIFE by Erich Maria Remarque. Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$3.75.

A novel depicting a German concentration camp during the latter years of the war. Remarque tells us that he wrote it to show "the survival of the human spirit" under unimaginable stress. What he shows us, rather, is merely that a lucky few survive; what he has written is essentially a fictional documentary. As such, however — despite our familiarity with the horrors described — the book is gruesomely absorbing. It projects with terrible intensity a picture of total human anguish.

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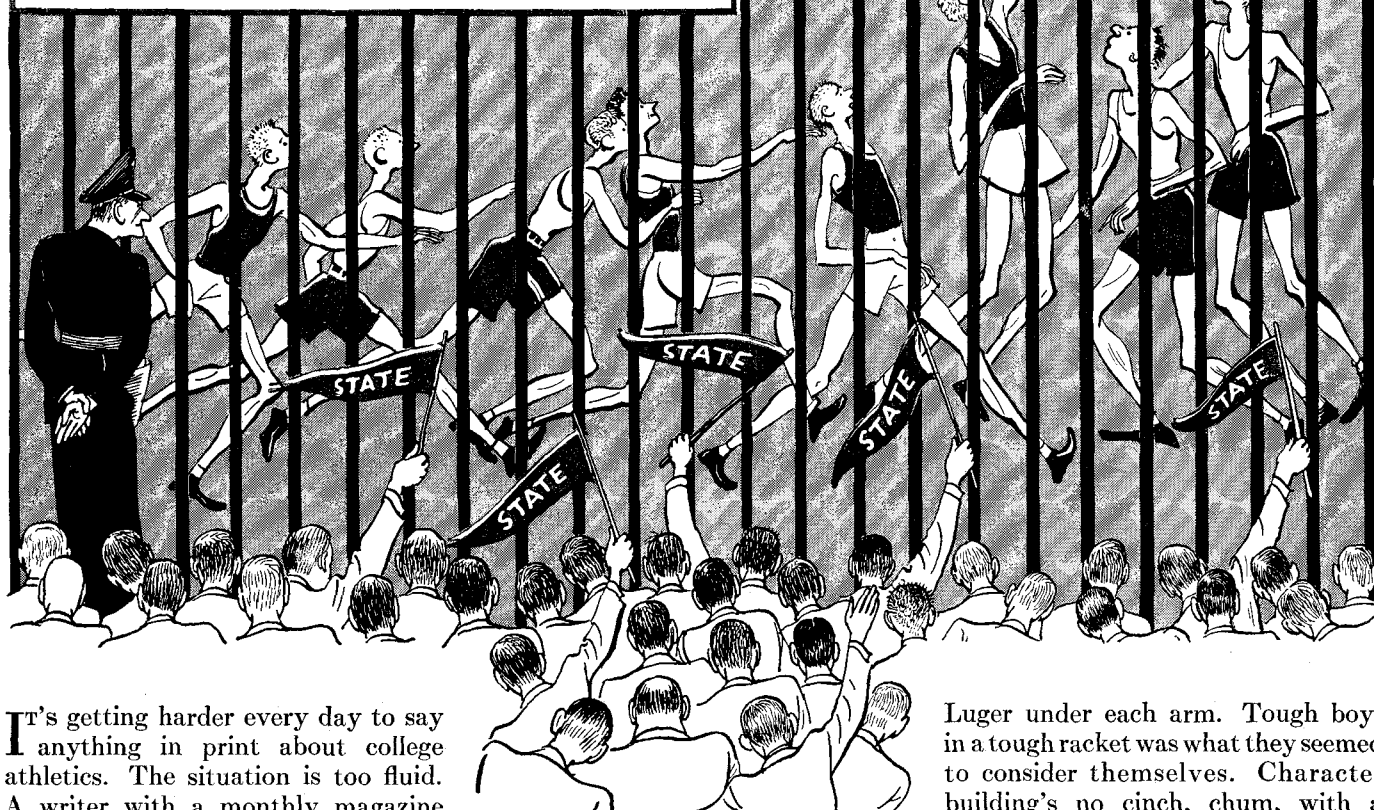
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ACCENT ON LIVING



It's getting harder every day to say anything in print about college athletics. The situation is too fluid. A writer with a monthly magazine schedule has no way of telling what may happen to his subject in the few weeks intervening between his copy deadline and publication: the whole crowd — players, officials, and even a few college presidents — may be in jail or fugitives from justice by the time the article reaches the reader.

What will it be — bribery, kidnapping, or simple assault? Is it a case for the district attorney, the G-men, the T-men, or the postal inspectors? Can the forwards make bail? How about the center?

There are no records around the college that would be of any help. Nobody can find out the names under which the players matriculated, their scholastic credits, or the marks that they eventually achieved in baby sitting, social dancing, and horseshoe pitching. Just as an embassy burns its papers and code books before the enemy takes over, so does the conscientious Dean make sure that the files will be bare when the D. A. arrives.

Where is Prexy, for that matter? No one has seen him since the big rally before the Garden game; he

seems to have left no messages and his bed is undisturbed. Has some rival Prexy encased him in cement and dropped him in the river?

I am moved to these somber thoughts by a recent radio interview between an awe-struck "sports" commentator and one of the nation's more eminent character builders — a basketball coach. The commentator wanted to know how on earth the coach's team had played — and won — so many games "without getting involved in these scandals." What was the secret behind an achievement which the commentator obviously felt was unique? Not a breath of suspicion! Leveling in every game! C'mon, Coach — howdja ever do it?

The dialect in which the interview continued is not easily reproduced. To say that both parties to it were plain-spoken men would not quite suffice, for their grammar was grievously sprung and they managed to sound like people who never ventured abroad without first holstering a

Luger under each arm. Tough boys in a tough racket was what they seemed to consider themselves. Character building's no cinch, chum, with a 38-game schedule and thirteen of 'em in the Garden.

So it was that even the coach was forced to admit that it had needed some planning. Pitfalls at every turn, temptation on all sides. Take when the kids hafta be in Noo York, there don't anybody know what hotel they're at. Nothing on the register, so even the switchboard don't have the room numbers. So nobody can call the kids up — get it? — unless, of course, one of the kids is foolish enough to give out the number somewhere. And another thing, the kids sleep two in a room, so the other guy is there if any funny business was to go on.

Then take at meals, the character builder went on, everybody eats together. They go out, they go out together. Maybe to a movie, maybe somebody wants to see Radio City. Okay, they go as a — as a kind of a — a unit, you might say. They go as a team, always the team — see? — everybody together and no chance for anyone else, you know what I mean, to get at one of the kids by him-

self. Everybody together at all times. See?

Nothing was left to chance in the character building carried on by this coach. The sports commentator was prompt to agree that anything like a deal would be all but impossible against such precautions. He was glad to learn, from the coach himself, about how the team's blameless record had been extended year after year. He was honored to have the coach with him on his radio program and he cer'nly wanted to give the coach his congratulations and he knew the radio audience would feel just like he did about a man who had devoted his whole life to good clean sports.

With the interview ended, the commentator had just enough time left to moralize briefly on the "scandals," on the folly of those who would

tear down great American games simply because a few unfortunates here and there had strayed from the straight and narrow. That such lapses had little meaning, he concluded, was evident when one looked at the 1951 attendance figures: scandals or no scandals, the gates were just as big as ever.

And while he was about it, he wanted to point out the basketball cases — and he was not the man to deny that blame should fall on those who were really guilty — all lay within the supposedly "amateur" domain of college athletics, while not one single instance of crookedness had been uncovered in professional basketball.

And that's all for tonight, folks. Be seein' yah.

But alas, even as character builder and commentator were on the air,

perverse fate was preparing to prove that each was talking through his hat. Before the week was out, a district attorney announced that he had several of the character builder's most distinguished alumni in custody on bribery charges. Another public prosecutor caused the arrest, at about the same time, of a referee who he said had been helping adjust scoring opportunities in various professional basketball games, according to the needs of the gamblers.

Character building nowadays must be a disillusioning task for the college authorities — for dear old Prexy and his fellow innocents, the guileless Director of Athletics, the naïve coaches, the wide-eyed scholarship committees and alumni. How could they have dreamed that college boys were such infernal crooks?

CHARLES W. MORTON

I'LL SHIFT FOR MYSELF

by KEN PURDY

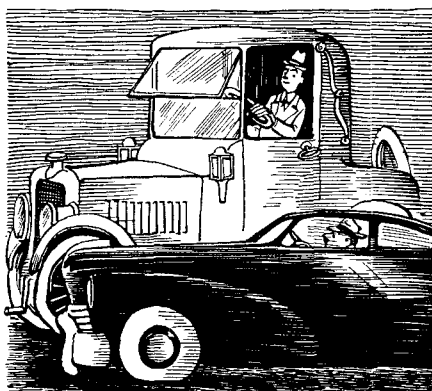
KEN PURDY is editor of True, and an authority on motor racing and the road performance of automobiles. He now is working on an article which will size up speedway racing as exemplified by the 500-mile fixture at Indianapolis. It will appear in one of our spring issues.

THE reactionary is not a happy man. His face rigidly set against Progress, he is hustled along, a mere bean on a cannery belt conveyer, the green fields and rich sunsets of Better Times forever behind him. All reactionaries must by definition be miserable, but the saddest of the lot, it seems to me, is the Automobile Reactionary. I am one such, and I should know.

The Art Reactionary may deplore Picasso, but he cannot be compelled against his will to look at anything but the Dutch masters, if that be his pleasure. The Literary Reactionary may retch at the mere murmured mention of Truman Capote, but no one later than Dickens need weight his shelves. The Political Reactionary, sunk in a daylong agony of choler at That Man, can still work and scheme and burrow underground to unseat him in the end, fair or foul. But the Automobile Reactionary cannot escape. One cannot, in this country, flee the automobile. One must

be transported, willy-nilly. Even immured in some mountain hideaway, the gate chained against the world, one still must get down to the village now and again to buy a sack of flour. One must drive something.

One must drive, and that is the nub of the matter. Your typical reactionary would very much like to drive an automobile. He would like to sit up high and see out. But in



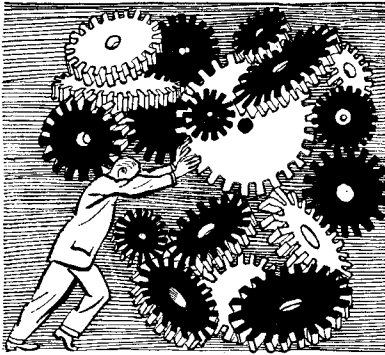
any automobile he can buy today — at least any domestic automobile — he can count on being sunk up to his chin in a mass of metal, forced to steer by extrasensory perception. Is there an old pickle barrel in front of his wheels, mayhap, after he has parked for a spell down by the gas-works? He cannot tell unless he goes around to look. Does he wish to

achieve a U-turn? He must sit there, huffing and puffing, while he hauls the steering wheel around five times to the left, five times to the right, five times to the left, five times to the right again. His muscles ache, and he is rewarded with a twinge that may be either vexation or angina.

The poor man may be old enough to remember the motorcars of his father's day, perhaps even the good two-seaters, the Mercers, Stutzes, Nationals. Cars that sat a man up where he belonged, like a knight upon his charger, and let him see where he was going. Cars that really turned when the wheel was moved, instead of merely suggesting, sluggishly, that after a bit they might change direction. And, most of all, cars that had a proper gearshift.

The gearshift is the heart of the matter. After all, almost any being, even a woman or one of the higher apes, can steer, disengage a clutch, or lay heavy foot upon the loud pedal. But it took a man to shift gears properly and with style on the good old cars. Many of us remember the vibrating shock that ran like a lightning bolt through hand, arm, and shoulder the first time we missed a change on a straight-tooth box, devoid of synchromesh cones and other such gimcrack aids for the inept. Months later, having learned the

mysteries, what reward, what solidly satisfying sensual pleasure, as the big lever slipped smoothly from first to second to third to fourth to third to second to first, the car batting along



uphill and down with never a jerk or a sound from the gears.

We have come to the end of all that. There is not a proper floor-mounted gearshift being made for an American car today. Even the abominable steering-post gearshift, which separates the driver from his business with the gears by endless insulating joints and creaky gooseneck turnings, is going. It was a poor thing, but the best we had, and the impersonal automatic shift lever, with its pointer reaching for cabalistic symbols that claim to indicate gear ratios, is a dreary substitute.

The lever itself is only the symptom. The seat of the malady lies buried beneath the floor boards, where a crew of ugly little purple men with pointed heads, sealed into the transmission by the manufacturers — no doubt in punishment for some ghastly sin — busily shove the gears back and forth in harmony with a pattern that is known only to themselves.

Do you wish to have Lo-Overdrive? You will take Hi, and like it. Are you motoring along in the sunshine, as nearly content with your lot as may be, when you are seized by the impulse to scratch your leg? Your foot comes off the gas, there is a muffled command from the overseer below, a clank from the engine room, and you are in another gear. You had nothing to do with it. The little men did it.

Oh, it's all terribly convenient, no doubt, and the female driver, but-tressed smugly now in her ignorance, is happy. She can get into her automobile, put her foot down, and go home like a lady, her progress through the gears almost as smooth and silent as anything ever achieved by a gray-

headed chauffeur with twenty years of Rolls-Royces behind him.

But all sin contains within itself the seed of its own punishment, and retribution will be exacted. Sooner or later the lady will smash up her automatic transmission. Desperately allergic to any form of instruction on things mechanical, she will of course not read the instruction manual carefully provided by the car's maker. She knows all she needs to know, doesn't she? You point the pointer to DR for Drive, and you drive. What's so hard about that? Nothing, madam, but someday the automobile will, in a word, refuse to march. Perhaps the battery will be dead. Let us say, for example, that the battery is dead, or at least comatose. The driver waves pitifully to some passing motorist, and a push is arranged. The selector lever is placed in drive, the ignition turned on. How is this? The engine does not fire. Another wave. Faster. Thirty miles an hour. Forty. There is an ominous clank and a clatter. There has been slaughter among the little men. The car must head for dry dock. For all automatic transmissions are vastly fussy about being pulled or pushed. Dynaflo, for example, must be pushed in neutral, switch on, to fifteen miles an hour, then shifted to drive position. It may not be towed in any position save neutral, and then not faster than thirty miles per hour.

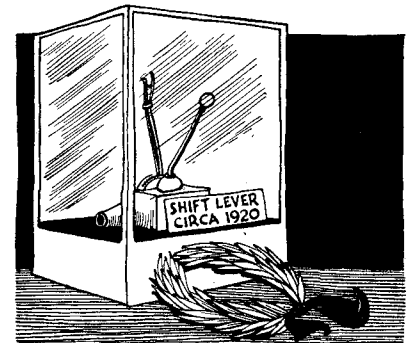
To start a stalled Studebaker Automatic, the ignition is turned on, the automatic choke set by one — and only one — depression of the accelerator, the selector placed in neutral. The car can then be pushed, but not towed, to fifteen miles per hour, and the selector lever moved to either low or drive. It should then start. Prestomatic, Tiptoe-Shift, and Gyro-matic, however, can be pushed in neutral to ten miles per hour and then put in low range. If a Hydramatic transmission breaks down, the propeller shaft must be disconnected at the rear universal joint or the rear wheels be lifted off the ground before it is pushed or towed. And so it goes, with one complex variation piled upon another.

All this nonsense began about 1895, but the danger did not become acute until 1931, when the English Daimler people began to turn out automobiles with a fluid coupling. This meant merely that the drive from engine to rear wheels was transmitted through oil, the driving member (a sort of

saucepan filled with vanes attached to the engine) spinning oil which imparted movement to the identical driven member attached to the rear wheels.

This innocent-sounding device was the root of the evil, and it was followed in due season by something more efficient called the Brockhouse Turbo-Transmitter. After the customary ten-year time lag, the innovation appeared on American cars and the sluice gates were opened. Today's automatic transmissions are nothing so simple as mere fluid couplings, you may be sure of that. They are full of pilot valves, planetary gears, pinion carriers, and what not. Some of them have over 700 moving parts. A textbook which attempts to explain them in elementary terms runs to 270-odd pages.

Still, it is Progress. It may not be pleasant, but it's Progress, so stand aside there, you, and make way. There are other beans on this conveyor, and there is no going backward, now or ever.



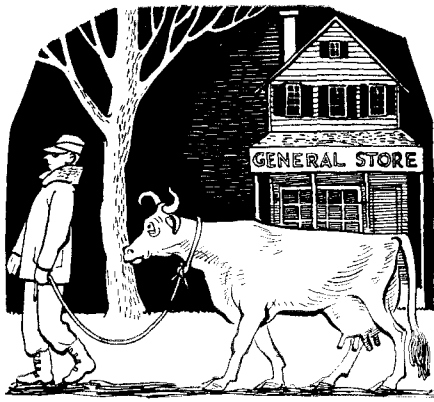
WE LOVE

by M. LINEAWEAVER

Now that we know,
We can meet in a public place
And hold time for a moment,
Face to face,
Letting our separate lives
Flow at their normal pace.

Your eyes are free of that look
That once professed
Such want, I met it
With my own, and shook
Our hearts to pieces.
Then we confessed.

Now that the words are spoken
They can never be unsaid —
Need never be said again,
But the silent dread
Of dying without being loved
Is broken.



ESCORTING THE COW

by RIXFORD KNIGHT

RIXFORD KNIGHT, who lives in Jamaica, Vermont, has provided *Accent on Living* readers with the more exotic facts about goats, pigs, and hens. He now takes up a point of etiquette which has long tormented all those who own a cow.

MOST cattlemen, when conducting their cow along a country road, either keep in front of their cow and yank on the rope to make her go faster, or hang onto the rope from behind to make her go slower. My own practice, however, is to walk along side by side with my cow, accommodating my pace to hers and letting the hand holding the rope rest lightly on the cow's thigh. In this way I avoid having to walk directly in line with my cow, either before or behind. Nevertheless, even this method has its physical hazards, as I found out when my cow, catching sight of a clump of red clover off side of the road, swerved suddenly and jerked me, holding the rope, against her hipbone, cracking two of my ribs.

I assumed at once that my injury, or rather the manner of receiving it, was unique among cattlemen. I suspected too that its uniqueness was not of the kind that would excite awe or sympathy among my colleagues in the cattle business in case they got wind of it. Therefore I explained to the doctor, who was something of a cattleman himself, that my misadventure had been caused by slipping and falling against a fence post.

But while he was taping me up the doctor told me that he himself had once broken the same pair of ribs. He had been taking his cow along a country road. She had veered suddenly, jerking him against her hipbone.

When I heard this I saw that my

injury was by no means so atypical as I had supposed. It seemed probable that dozens, even scores, of cattlemen throughout the nation had had a similar mishap but were keeping it under their hats like a secret sin, for reasons like my own.

And to support such casualty figures there must be hundreds, even thousands, of cattlemen who prefer not to walk directly in line with their cow but who are unknown to one another because each, when about to meet another on a country road, slips quickly ahead of his cow and strides resolutely there till around the next bend.

But the result of this simulated boldness is only that these cattlemen fool one another. They are never able to hide their timidity from those hardened cattlemen who habitually walk before or behind their cow.

Whenever a side-walking cattleman has to conduct his cow past the village store he will, of course, demonstrate his intrepidity by striding ahead of her with never so much as a glance behind. At the same time, he can never forget that an animal has a peculiar ability to detect irresolution on the part of its master and that it is likely to take advantage of this. Therefore, whenever he feels the rope slacken, your cattleman executes a goosy withdrawal of his most vulnerable part accompanied by some quick little prance steps designed to regain the distance between himself and his cow. But the cow, feeling the consequent tightening of the rope, obediently quickens her pace, with the result that the rope again slackens, and the progress of the cattleman past the village store becomes a series of hitches, like a switch engine with an awkward load, and calls forth from the fore-and-aft

walkers on the store steps such observations as "A pretty dangerous critter that feller's got there," or even — knowledgeable of the purpose of the expedition — "He can't hardly wait till he gets there."

Every side-walking cattleman has, at some time in his life, wondered whether his timidity is an acquired or an inherited characteristic. Could he not, by constant practice, eventually train himself to walk intrepidly before or behind 800 pounds of cow? The answer is "No." Once a side-walker always a side-walker. Hope does not lie in the adjustment of the individual to the institution. But in view of my own accidental discovery it does appear possible that something might be done through the organized effort of hundreds, even thousands, of side-walking cattlemen



in the way of adjusting the institution to the individual.

It is evident that the customs and mores governing the conducting of a cow along country roads have been fixed by those cattlemen who habitually walk before or behind her. But whether these actually constitute a democratic majority among cattlemen is now open to question. Also in question is whether the customs instituted by these cattlemen are in the best interests of the group as a whole.

The entire matter stands in need of critical review.

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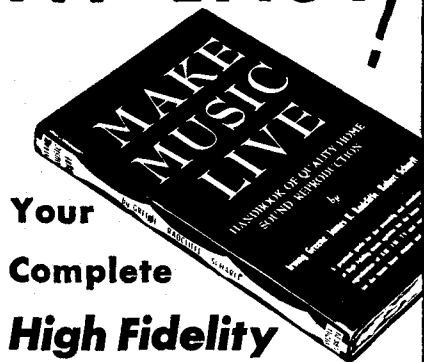
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READ ALL ABOUT IT . . .

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman who is now an associate editor of Pathfinder. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

SERGEANT GREENE wasn't grunted. Not that he was exactly disgruntled, he explains, but the weather in Saidor, New Guinea, didn't lend itself to complete, whole-hearted grunting; and besides, the Special Services Division had disappointed him sorely.

Perhaps they had done their best. To the isolated base, they had sent a vast batch of records. On them were grooved hours of fine stateside music, both popular and classical. There were transcripts of plays. There were radio programs, some of them uncensored and hilarious, featuring Jack Benny, Kate Smith, Fred Allen, and other celebrities.

To play these treasures, Special Services had furnished what Sergeant Greene described as a "plywood squawk-box"—a hand-wound acoustical phonograph. It was audible only a few yards away and, even worse, its massive, murderous, steel-needed head would (Sergeant Greene knew) grind the records into unintelligibility in next to no time.

It was really none of Sergeant Greene's business. Still, he was a communications technician, he had had experience in the radio-parts business, and he knew perfectly well that acoustico-electronic engineering had progressed further than this. And on New Guinea, in 1943, a realistic touch of home, aural as well as visual, was something worth battling for.

So Sergeant Irving Greene went foraging. In his own words, he

"traded the Red Cross out of" a couple of crystal phonograph cartridges—old, coffin-shaped Astatic model-B's, but electronic, not mechanical. From an undisclosed source, he acquired a 110-volt motor. He raided junked aircraft for reduction gears and, by means best known to himself, came into possession of an Army field-radio amplifier, a power transformer, and an assortment of earphones. Soon an electric phonograph, of sorts, was in action.

However, earphone listening was antisocial. Hence a small, mobile construction project developed on the base, accompanied by the steady disappearance of pie pans, wire, bolts, manila file-folders, and other unrelated supplies. When the project came to fruition, Sergeant Greene had an array of six loud-speakers. Each was powered by an earphone diaphragm, loaded by a manila cone, mounted in a pie-pan frame.

What came out was not what would be called high fidelity by today's standards. But it was dramatically superior to what the wind-up gramophone had produced. In fact, Sergeant Greene's comrades in arms were so beholden to him that later, in the Philippine invasion, when they liberated a pair of expensive U.S. commercial radio phonographs (some-what the worse for Japanese usage) they refused to listen to them until Greene had "improved" them.

Greene was much impressed by this evidence of golden ears among the GIs. Once out of uniform and back home, he began vigorously preaching the cause of high-grade sound equipment for the home-hugging music lover. In short order he was (and still is) running a custom audio department for one of the nation's largest radio-parts houses, Sun Radio and Electronics of New York.

Business was brisk, right from the

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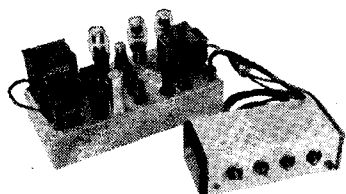
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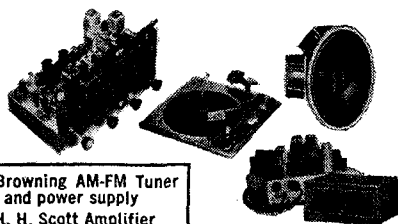
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start, but it only took fourteen hours a day, so Irving Greene began writing a book. In due time he acquired two collaborators, James R. Radcliffe and Robert Scharff, an industrial designer and a decorator.

At the 1951 Audio Fair in New York last November, Greene, standing at the entry to the Sun Radio exhibit, was able to greet all but a very few of the Fair's 10,000 visitors with the news that the book would be ready in a month, and so it was. It is called *Make Music Live* (Medill McBride, \$4.50) and it is a virtual encyclopedia of what the would-be assembler of a high-fidelity home-music system ought to know. It tells why a single-cone loud-speaker "cries" over certain chords (the low-frequency vibrations intermodulate mechanically with the high ones, causing the latter to break up) and how to mount a Garrard record changer in a bookshelf, which can be done. And it gives some very worthwhile buying secrets.

Armed with this opus, the hi-fi shopper will be like the medical patient who gluts secretly on the *AMA Journal* and can dispense with "Doctor, it hurts here and here," and get right down to "Doctor, I display all the classical symptoms of cervical adenitis." Doctors hate this, of course. Fortunately, audio equipment salesmen don't seem to—for Irving Greene's book is only the beginning. About the middle of April there will be published the *second* book on high fidelity for laymen: *The Saturday Review Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction*, by Edward T. Canby, C. G. Bourke, and Irving Kolodin (Prentice-Hall, price unannounced). Apparently this work will supplement the other with some exactitude, dealing, for example, rather intensively with the technical side of records, which Greene's book tucks into an appendix page.

Probably the main significance of these publications, however, is that they symbolize the maturity, the arrival, so to speak, of the "quality" home-music customer. He is no longer an apologetic intruder into the realm of the audio engineer, nor yet an "uncommercial" crackpot, unworthy of the businessman's notice. He has now had two books written for him and he is the kingpin of a half billion dollars a year industry. He rates, businesswise, with the photography enthusiast, or he soon will.

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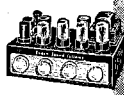
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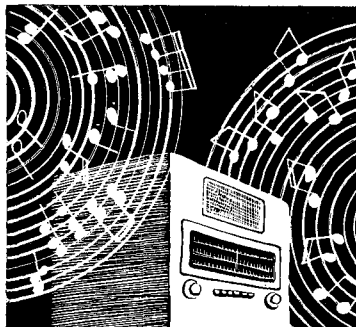
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to anticipate his needs. One problem of recent vintage (LP is only in its fourth year) is how to store long-playing records at home. Standing in conventional record cabinets, they become anonymous envelope edges, indistinguishable one from another unless adorned with unsightly tabs. They can't be put in standard albums without discarding their informative envelopes. To let them accumulate in piles is easiest — but dangerous. Vinylite is softer than shellac, and the bottommost of twenty records, if there is grit in its envelope, is likely to be seriously gouged. Solutions now are offered



by H. Royer Smith (Philadelphia) and Aim Industries (New York). Both provide usable LP containers. The HRS items are album-shaped boxes (\$2 or \$3) which will hold 10 LPs apiece, with envelopes, and are big enough for lettering on the back. The Aim albums actually *are* albums, but their envelopes are big enough to hold LPs with *their* envelopes and are cut away for identification thereof. They are priced about the same as the HRS boxes. Both are likely to present a rather snug vertical fit in some record cabinets.

Another pair of points has also been achieved by customers, judging by evidence at the Fair. One is that some customers want record changers, and intend to have them, even though the experts insist that precision single-play turntables are better. The other is that some customers *don't* want changers — having almost nothing but LPs in their collections — but also can't afford to pay \$50 or more for individually machined turntables by Rek-O-Kut or Presto.

Credit must go to Garrard, of Britain, for deciding that, if people must have changers, they might as well have good ones. Since July, trouble complaints (after sales) on Garrard RC80 three-speed changers have gone below 1 per cent, an almost incredible development in a traditionally trouble-fraught field. Garrard has taken care also of the non-changer folk, by means of a \$24 three-speed record player, identical with the RC 80 as to arm, turntable, and motor but minus a changing mechanism. A very similar job (with a flip-over

magnetic cartridge thrown in) is produced by Goldring, a newcomer in the trade. For some time, of course General Industries (Elyria, Ohio) has been making \$12 single- and multi-speed turntables, as good as those in most changers, but for some reason few stores stock them.

There has been fairly stubborn strife, too, over the question of how big speaker cabinets must be. The experts have insisted on size. In a box cabinet, they pointed out, the objective was to kill off the vagrant sound generated by a loudspeaker's rear surface. The best way to do so was to seal

the cabinet. Yet this gave the speaker cone a stiffer air load behind than in front, the cabinet being much smaller than the room, and caused distortion, mostly at the expense of bass tones. Solution: keep the cabinet big. (One at the Fair, mounting four Bozak speakers, contained 16 cubic feet of air!)

Customers argued, not unreasonably, that they hadn't enough space for such monsters in their living rooms, much as they craved the sounds they made.

This was the reason for the crowds around the Audio Fair exhibit marked "R-J Company." Messrs. R. and J. (Frank Robbins and William Joseph, a cartoonist and a radio salesman) had made a valiant effort to find a middle ground. Their cabinets (literally "under wraps" — burlap) were cubic and only a few inches bigger than the speakers they housed. A speaker in an R-J cabinet is scaled behind by a very small box but, to equalize this, it is front-loaded, too. The frontal air chamber is closed off but for a slot through which the sound comes. A slot distributes sound rather well. Organ-pipe makers found this out long ago. An English engineering firm applied it to loudspeakers in the 1940s but, for some reason, didn't stay with it. Critics of the R-J system at once pointed out that, though it equalized the speaker's front and rear burdens, it also gave it a very stiff air cushion against which to fight, lowering its efficiency and necessitating more power to make it work.

This is true, and it is silly to contend that an R-J is a substitute for a

ood big cabinet. Nevertheless, it oes economize on space, and some ery canny custom-installation men st no time in applying for licenses) manufacture it.

In the small-size, big-bass category, ie R-Js had only one rival, a pilot odel of the Electro-Voice "Baro-et." This is a miniature variation n the now familiar folded corner orn theme. Placed an inch out om a room's corner, it feeds the ass emitted from the speaker's rear ackward, whence it is repropagated ut of the corner by the room walls, einforcing the frontal low notes. Vhat made the "Baronet" notable as its size—two feet high and a ot wide, just big enough for an ight-inch speaker.

There were other notes of modera-on at the Fair, too, indications that ie exhibitors realized they had a on-hobbyist public to deal with. he noise level went down. Maxi-ilian Weil, of the Audak Com-any, could turn off his loud-speaker nd invite people to listen for "needle alk" from his improved "Chro-atic" Audax phono-cartridge with ome confidence that they could hear hether it had any—which it virtu-ally hasn't.

Some exhibitors actually used voice ecords and tapes to demonstrate heir equipment, rather than the bass uments and piccolos of yore. This was great concession. Voice reproduc-ion is a good criterion of balance nd naturalness, but hardly of wide ange; even Yma Sumac's avian so-rano rarely sends an oscillograph ndicator to more than 8000 cycles er second. Some treasonable souls ad looked up the reports of experi-ments conducted in the 1930s and 0s by Bell Laboratories and RCA ngineers, wherein the characteristics f musical sounds in auditoriums vere analyzed. The RCA engineers ad gone so far as to say that no ausical sounds of importance were ound in the area above 10,000 c.p.s., range with which no true audio-niac would be satisfied.

Probably the RCA men had over-tated somewhat. It is true that high and very low) tones "decay" with listance. At a symphony concert, he resinous squeak of the violins nd the hiss of the flutist's breath are ost before they get to the average istener. He hears a filtered, purified one. Not so the recording micro-hone, which is usually placed close o the orchestra in a recording session,

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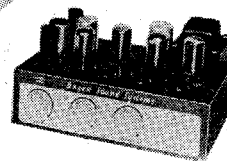
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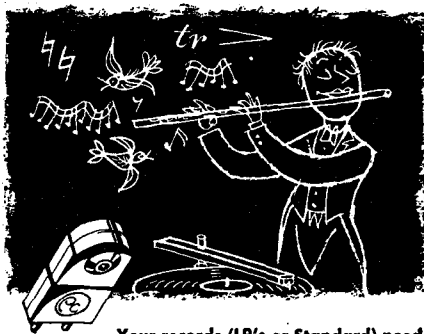
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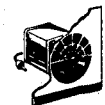
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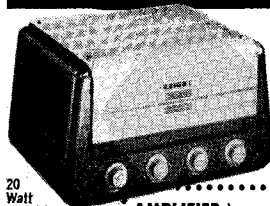
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Scores of audio equipment sales and installation representatives attended or exhibited at the Audio Fair. The *Atlantic* took the occasion to ask most of them to choose, for readers, the components (exclusive of cabinetry) they would recommend for reliability and tonal balance in three price categories: I. About \$150; II. About \$300; III. About \$500. Here are some of the answers. Readers should, of course, regard them as typical rather than absolute.

ASSEMBLY I — About \$150

Recommended by	Tuner	Amplifier	Changer	Speaker	Pick-up
Harvey Radio New York	Meissner 8C FM	Bell 2122A	VM 950 GE	Jensen K210	GE dual
Hudson Radio New York	Meissner 8C FM	Grommes 50PG	Webster 106-27	Jensen K210	GE dual
Island Radio Hempstead, N.Y.	Meissner 8C FM	Bogen DB10	VM 950-3	University Diffusicon	GE dual
Lafayette New York, Boston	Espey 511B AM-FM	Espey	Webster 100-270	University 6200	GE dual
Radio Shack Boston	Meissner 8C FM	Bogen DB10	Garrard RC80	University 6200	GE dual
Shrader Washington	Meissner 8C FM	Bell 2122	Garrard RC80	University 6200	2 GE's
Sun Radio New York	Meissner 8C FM	Grommes 50PG	Webster 100-270	University Diffusicon	GE dual

ASSEMBLY II — About \$300

Recommended by	Tuner	Amplifier	Changer	Speaker	Pick-up
Harvey Radio New York	Radio Craftsmen RC10 AM-FM	Radio Crafts- men C500	Webster 100-270	University 6201	GE dual
Hudson Radio New York	Radio Craftsmen RC10 AM-FM	Radio Crafts- men RC2	Garrard RC80	Electro- Voice SP12	Pickerings
Island Radio Hempstead, N.Y.	Browning RV10A FM	Bogen DB10	Garrard RC80	Jensen K310	Pickerings
Lafayette New York, Boston	Radio Craftsmen RC10 AM-FM	Radio Crafts- men RC2	Garrard RC80	Jensen K310	Audax R2W
Radio Shack Boston	Radio Craftsmen RC10 AM-FM	Radio Crafts- men RC2	Garrard RC80	Altec 603B	Audax L6G
Shrader Washington	Browning RV10A FM	Bell 2122	Garrard RC80	Lansing D130	Audax L6G
Sun Radio New York	Radio Craftsmen RC10 AM-FM	Radio Crafts- men RC2	Garrard RC80	Lansing D130	Audax L6G

ASSEMBLY III — About \$500

Recommended by	Tuner	Amplifier	Changer	Speaker	Pick-up
Harvey Radio New York	Browning RV10A FM	McIntosh 20W2	Garrard RC80	Altec 604B	Audax DL6
Hudson Radio New York	Browning RV10A FM	H. H. Scott 214A	Garrard RC80	Stephens 106AX	Audax L6G
Island Radio Hempstead, N.Y.	Altec 303A AM-FM	Altec A333A	Garrard RC80	Altec 604B	Pickerings
Lafayette New York, Boston	Browning RJ12B AM-FM	H. H. Scott 214A	Webster 106-27	Stephens 106AX	Pickerings
Radio Shack Boston	Browning RJ12B AM-FM	H. H. Scott 214A	Garrard RC80	Altec 604B	Pickerings
Shrader Washington	Browning RV10A FM	Shrader Musician's Altec preamp	Garrard RC80	Altec 604B	Audax L6G
Sun Radio New York	Sergeant-Ray- ment AM-FM	Sun Musician's	Garrard RC80	Tannoy	Pickerings

DIAMOND NEEDLES \$10.50 PLUS POSTAGE

No doubt you have learned by now that the needle in your record player is not permanent. It is tipped with either sapphire or osmium metal which should be changed after about 20 hours of playing, in order to protect your valuable records.

This means that if you use your record player on an average of an hour a day these needles need replacing about every three weeks at a cost of between \$1.50 to \$3.50. Because of this frequent needle changing you have of course learned how to install a new one when required. Why not, then, retip your present replaceable needle with a genuine diamond, one that will give you at least 1000 hours of high fidelity, distortion-free record playing pleasure with the comforting assurance that your costly records will remain undamaged — particularly those long-playing micro groove records, so finely grooved and sensitive to a worn stylus?

Send us your replacement needle assembly now — today. Let us retip it with the highest quality genuine diamond stylus — exactly the same kind that we make for leading radio stations the country over.

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and with the hall empty and unab-sorbent. The result, played back to the music lover, doesn't sound natural.

On the other hand, a violin sonata recorded under the same circumstances may sound completely natural — because the chances are the listener *has* heard a solo violin this intimately before. In a violin solo or a string quartet the resin noises are part of the music. This problem properly falls to the recording engineer, not to the maker of amplifiers or loud-speakers. Which is not to say that an amplifier with flexible tone controls (like the new H. H. Scott, which actually can make a symphony orchestra sound "live" at low volume) cannot often make up for the bad judgment of an overenthusiastic recording director. It can.

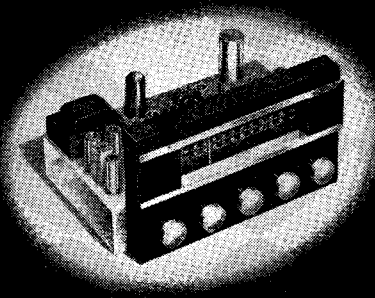
The Fair did yield one ingenious example of combining wide-range recording and startling reality. This was a set of records made by Emory Cook, a leading experimenter in disk-cutting techniques. Cook's records, titled *Sounds of Our Times*, were not music, but simply noises. One of them admirably reproduced the close-up chirp of a cricket and the distant roll of summer thunder. Another put forth, horrifically, the noise of trains passing through a tunnel at Peekskill, New York. A third dealt fondly with the tinkling charm of a collection of old music boxes. Cook says he hopes the series will never end, and asks people to suggest noises they want to hear. This column hereby suggests that he try recording the sounds of an Audio Fair. It's too bad he couldn't have got the 1950 one, though. Even the locomotives couldn't beat that.



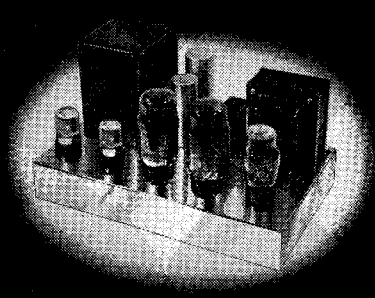
Record Reviews

Bach, Johann Christian: Sonatas in E Major, C Minor, and B-flat Major (Margaret Tolson, piano; WCFM; 12" LP). In 1768 the "London Bach" played the first public concert on "a new instrument call'd Piano Forte." If it sounded anything like this endearing record, the audience probably went wild.

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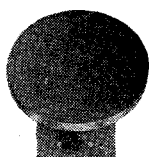
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T-12	4 Pole Induction	-40DB	78-33%	\$84.95
T-43	4 Pole Induction	-40DB	45-33%	\$84.95

*Delivery limited to short supply of Hysteresis motors.

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Bach, J. S.: Anna Magdalena Book (Kurt Rapf, harpsichord; Maja Weis-Osborn, soprano; Bach Guild: 12" LP). Bach wrote some, but not all, of the songs and "pieces" his first wife collected in her notebook to teach her children. It's a charming assortment, and Bach Guild has done well by Anna Magdalena.

Beethoven: Quartet in E Minor, Op. 59, No. 2, "Rasumovsky" (Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet; Westminster: 12" LP). Expert artists and engineers combine to make this sound huge, vibrant, effortless, and joyous, which is probably just as it ought to sound.

Berg, Alban: Sonata, Op. 1; Pieces for Clarinet and Piano; Eleven Songs (Benjamin Tupas, piano; Sidney Forrest, clarinet; Catherine Rowe, soprano; Lyricord: 12" LP). A tasteful recital dedicated to Berg's breakover from romanticism to 12-tone modernism. Anyone who wants to comprehend his opera *Wozzeck*, for instance, should hear this first, and often. Good recording.

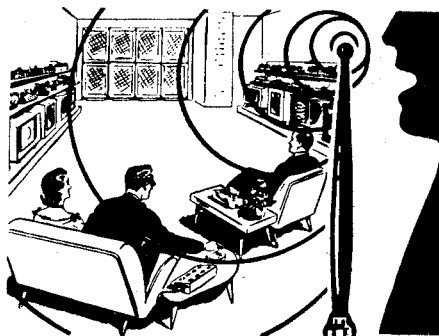
Mussorgsky-Ravel: Pictures at an Exhibition (Rafael Kubelik conducting the Chicago Symphony; Mercury: 12" LP). The rumors were true. Made with one microphone in superb acoustic surroundings, this outdynamics any previous hi-fi effort. The "Heroes' Gate at Kiev" is almost incredible, the biggest orchestral noise on disks. Performance: excellent. Buy this.

Schumann: Faschingsschwank aus Wien ("Viennese Carnival Jests") and **Brahms: Variations on a Theme of Schumann, Op. 9** (Jacqueline Blancard, piano; Vanguard: 12" LP). Intimate gaiety from Schumann, tragic overtones from Brahms, dextrously performed, handsomely recorded.

Songs of the Auvergne, arranged by Canteloube, and **Song at School** (Madeleine Gray, soprano, variously with orchestral and flute-piano accompaniment; Columbia: 12" LP). The Auvergnat songs are a beautiful reprint of the justly famous 78s; the school songs, also of French folk origin, never have been released on disks here before.

John Kirby and His Orchestra (Columbia "Golden Era": 12" LP). Here, in a good reprint, is the low-voiced, subtle swing which enthralled Greenwich Village sophisticates in the late thirties. Best-remembered: "Anitra's Dance," "Beethoven Riffs On," "Andiology."

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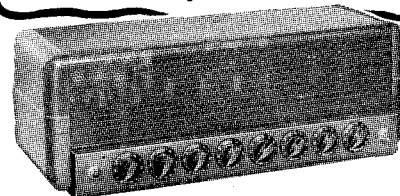
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